

SPENSER'S
MINOR POEMS



METHUEN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

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SPENSER'S MINOR POEMS

A Selection

edited by

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Introduction

Spenser without *The Fairy Queen* may seem like a tail without a dog, and it could be held that we don't learn very much about a dog from studying its tail. Admittedly, Spenser's 'minor' poems would be many other poets' major poems, and there is writing here which has no superior of its kind in English poetry of the sixteenth or any other century; nevertheless, the selection and purpose of this volume call for some explanation.

The writing of the minor poems, many of which are 'occasional', went on side by side with that of *The Fairy Queen*, and in a sense they provide both a commentary on and a corrective to that great and undervalued poem: a commentary in that we find Spenser working out poetic and philosophic theories, and gaining confidence and mastery as a writer; a corrective in that, in these minor poems, we often find him in a more relaxed mood, so that we realize that 'sage and serious' are by no means the only appropriate adjectives for him. Spenser, we shall find, adhered to the Renaissance theory of 'kinds' of poetry, believing that for the different classes of poem—pastoral, elegy, epic and so on—there were different levels of style and diction to be used; and in these minor poems we have examples of his writing in many of the lesser, or rather 'lower', kinds, for these were arranged in a well-defined hierarchy, with epic and heroic verse at the top. The aim, then, has been to produce a readable selection, for the general student, of some of the lesser-known features of Spenser's work: to exhibit as many as possible, without risk of indigestibility, of the aspects of his art, at all stages in his career; and to show (e.g. by printing part of *Virgil's Gnat*, the 'Vision' poems, etc.) something of the poetic influences that worked on him. As far as possible those poems, or parts of poems, which are likely to have most immediate appeal and prove

least difficult have been chosen; and it is hoped that this introduction to Spenser as satirist, moralist, love-poet, story-teller, translator, elegist and descriptive writer may encourage some readers to explore further.

It is hardly necessary to give here a biographical sketch of Spenser: pretty well all the essential features of his life come into these poems, and in the brief introductions at the end of this book I have tried to place each extract in the total context of his career. A longer introduction has been devoted to the *Shepherds' Calendar*, because it is useful for the reader to be able to appreciate the poetic atmosphere in which Spenser began to write. Notes have, however, been kept to a minimum, for their proliferation tends to obscure appreciation of the poem itself; as far as possible, then, explanatory notes have been included in the glossary. It is worth pointing out here that one cannot always take apparently familiar words for granted: a look at the glossary under such words as 'careful', 'crime', 'discoloured', 'fond', 'helpless', 'lewd', 'unhappy' and 'unvalued', for example, will make this clear. For ease of reference lines have been numbered continuously from one poem to the next, and it is under this reference—the number in the left-hand margin—that a word will be found.

No apology is needed for presenting Spenser in a modernized text: there are quite enough difficulties in the way of appreciating him, especially for foreign students, without adding that of 'ye olde' spellings such as yuie, yuorie and vnualedw for ivy, ivory and unvalued. Where an older spelling has been retained it has been either to preserve a distinction from a modern word of the same spelling, or else to keep a deliberate archaic or dialect form. The subject of Spenser's archaizing is more fully dealt with in the introductory note to the *Shepherds' Calendar*; and the retention of his old forms where necessary enables us to distinguish between what appeared quaint and old-fashioned to his contemporaries, and what was normal modern usage. Elizabethan spelling was, after all, not old-fashioned to Elizabethans, and, except for the specialist, to preserve it may only cause confusion.

In the preparation of text, notes and glossary I have, of

course, drawn freely on the labours of past Spenser scholars, notably the editors of the Variorum Edition of Spenser's works, Professor de Selincourt, editor of the Oxford Spenser, and Professor W. L. Renwick; the debt of any present-day student of Spenser to such scholars is immeasurable. I should also like to express my indebtedness to my colleague Mr John Crow, who made the original selection of poems and was, indeed, the initiator of this edition.

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Chronological Table

NB: there are very few certain dates in Spenser's life, apart from those of publication of the poems; and accordingly much of this table must be regarded as conjectural.

- c. 1552-3 Spenser born, in East Smithfield, London; one of three children of John Spenser, a Lancashire man, and his wife Elizabeth.
- c. 1562-9 At Merchant Taylors' School, London.
- 1569 Enters Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Probably makes translations for van der Noodt's *Theatre for Worldlings* (see notes on 'Vision' poems).
- 1569-76 At Cambridge. Meets Gabriel Harvey, Fellow of Pembroke. M.A. 1576. Afterwards goes to Lancashire, where he probably meets the unidentified 'Rosalind'.
- 1577 First visit to Ireland, possibly as Secretary to the Governor General, Sir Henry Sidney (Leicester's father-in-law).
Back in London late 1577 or 1578.
- c. 1577-80 *Virgil's Gnat* written.
- 1578 Secretary to Dr John Young, Bishop of Rochester.
- 1579 *The Shepherds' Calendar* published. Writes to Harvey from Leicester House that he is about to go off on his Honour's (i.e. Leicester's) service; but apparently nothing comes of this. *Mother Hubbard's Tale* probably written.
- 1580 Goes to Ireland as Secretary to the Lord Deputy, Lord Grey. Lives in or near Dublin. A possible first marriage. *The Fairy Queen* already begun, as shown by a letter of April 1580.
- 1580-88 In Ireland. Leases a house in Dublin (1582) and another in Co. Kildare.
- 1583-4 Commissioner of Musters in Kildare.

- 1588-98 Appointed Clerk to the Council of Munster, S.W. Ireland. Takes an estate of c. 3000 acres at Kilcolman.
- 1589 Raleigh visits Spenser (autumn). They go to London together with the MS of books I-III of *The Fairy Queen*.
- 1590 In London. *The Fairy Queen*, I-III, published. Granted pension of £50 p.a. Writes *The Ruins of Time*, *Daphnaida*, and *Muiopotmos*.
- 1591 *Complaints* and *Daphnaida* published. Returns to Ireland (probably in the spring). *Colin Clout* probably written by December.
- 1591-4 Most of *Amoretti* written.
- 1594 Resigns Clerkship to the Council of Munster. Marries (11 June) Elizabeth Boyle. *Epithalamion* written.
- 1595 *Colin Clout*, *Astrophel*, *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion* published. To London in the winter.
- 1596 In London. Books IV-VI of *The Fairy Queen* published, as well as *Four Hymns*, *Prothalamion* and second editions of *F.Q.* books I-III and *Daphnaida*.
- 1597 At Kilcolman.
- 1598 Recommended as Sheriff of Cork. Rebellion in Ireland, and Kilcolman sacked. Flees to Cork. Leaves there on 9 December for England.
- 1599 Returns to England. Dies, 16 January, at Westminster. Buried Westminster Abbey.

FROM
The Shepherds' Calendar

FEBRUARY

Argument: This aeglogue is rather moral and general, than bent to any secret or particular purpose. It specially containeth a discourse of old age, in the person of Thenot, an old shepherd, who for his crookedness and unlustiness is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy herdman's boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of year, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the cruddled blood, and freezeth the weatherbeaten flesh with storms of Fortune, and hoar frosts of Care. To which purpose the old man telleth a tale of the oak and the briar, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.

CUDDIE

THENOT

Cuddie. Ah for pity! will rank winter's rage
These bitter blasts never gin t'assuage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all shiver and shake,
As doen high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wag their wriglë tails,
Perk as peacock; but now it avales.

Thenot. Lewdly complainest thou, lazy lad,

10 Of winter's wrack for making thee sad. 10
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse unto that is worst of all,
And then return to his former fall?

Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live till the lusty prime?
 Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
 Some in much joy, many in many tears,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
 Of summer's flame, nor of winter's threat,
 Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently took that ungently came.
 And ever my flock was my chief care,
 Winter or summer they mought well fare.

Cuddie. No marvel, Thenot, if thou can bear
 Cheerfully the winter's wrathful cheer;
 For Age and winter accord full nigh,
 This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wry.
 And as the low'ring weather looks down,
 So seemest thou like Good Friday to frown.
 But my flow'ring youth is foe to frost,
 My ship unwont in storms to be tost.

Thenot. The sovereign of seas he blames in vain,
 That, once sea-beat, will to sea again.
 So loit'ring live you little herdgrooms,
 Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms;
 And when the shining sun laugheth once,
 You deemen the spring is come atonce;
 Tho gin you, fond flies, the cold to scorn,
 And crowing in pipes made of green corn,
 You thinken to be lords of the year.
 But eft, when ye count you free from fear,
 Comes the breme winter with chamfred brows,
 Full of wrinkles and frosty furrows,
 Drearily shooting his stormy dart,
 Which cruddles the blood and pricks the heart.
 Then is your careless corage accoyed,
 Your careful herds with cold bene annoyed.
 Then pay you the price of your surquedry,
 With weeping, and wailing, and misery.
Cuddie. Ah, foolish old man, I scorn thy skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youngth to spill:

I deem thy brain emperished be
 Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee:
 Or sicker thy head very tottie is,
 So on thy corbe shoulder it leans amiss.
 Now thyself hast lost both lop and top,
 Als my budding branch thou wouldest crop;
 But were thy years green, as now bene mine,
 To other delights they would incline:
 Then wouldest thou learn to carol of love,
 And hery with hymns thy lass's glove;
 Then wouldest thou pipe of Phyllis' praise;
 But Phyllis is mine for many days.
 I won her with a girdle of gelt,
 Embost with bugle about the belt.
 Such an one shepherds would make full fain;
 Such an one would make thee young again.

Thenot. Thou art a fon of thy love to boast;

All that is lent to love will be lost.

Cuddie. See'st how brag yond bullock bears,

So smirk, so smooth, his prick'd ears?

His horns bene as broad as rainbow bent,

His dewlap as lithe as lass of Kent;

See how he venteth into the wind;

Weenest of love is not his mind?

Seemeth thy flock thy counsel can,

So lustless bene they, so weak, so wan;

Cloth'd with cold, and hoary with frost,

Thy flock's father his corage hath lost:

Thy ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,

Like wailful widows hangen their crags:

The rather lambs bene starv'd with cold,

All for their master is lustless and old.

Thenot. Cuddie, I wote thou kenn'st little good,
 So vainly t'advance thy headless hood.

For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,

Whose wit is weakness, whose wage is death,

Whose way is wilderness, whose inn Penance,

And stoop-gallant Age, the host of Grievance.

But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I conned of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheep on the hills of Kent?

Cuddie. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Than to hear novels of his devise;
They bene so well-thewed, and so wise,
Whatever that good old man bespake.

Thenot. Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chivalry;
100 But none fitter than this to apply. 100
Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely displayed,
But of their leaves they were disarrayed:
The body big, and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yield,
110 And with his nuts larded many swine. 110
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His barèd boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging brere,
Which proudly thrust into th'element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellished with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonnèd to repair

120 The shepherds' daughters to gather flowers, 120
To paint their girlonds with his colours;
And in his small bushes used to shroud
The sweet nightingale singing so loud;
Which made this foolish brere wax so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And sneb the good oak, for he was old.
'Why stand'st there (quoth he) thou brutish block?

Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spread,
 130 Dyed in lily white and crimson red, 130
 With leaves engrainēd in lusty green;
 Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen.
 Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round.
 The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
 My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth.
 Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.'
 So spake this bold brere with great disdain:
 140 Little him answered the oak again, 140
 But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
 That of a weed he was overcrowed.

It chancēd after upon a day,
 The husbandman self to come that way,
 Of custom for to surviue his ground,
 And his trees of state in compass round.
 Him when the spiteful brere had espied,
 Causeless complained, and loudly cried
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife.
 150 'O, my liege lord! the god of my life! 150
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
 Causēd of wrong and cruel constraint,
 Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
 And, but your goodness the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole to die,
 Through felonous force of mine enemy.'

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And bade the brere in his plaint proceed.
 160 With painted words tho gan this proud weed 160
 (As most usen ambitious folk:)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloak.

'Ah, my sovereign! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou plaser of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,

- To be the primrose of all thy land;
 With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
 And scarlet berries in summer time?
 How falls it then that this faded oak,
 170 Whose body is sere, whose branches broke, 170
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from woundës wide;
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That bene the honour of your coronal.
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light
 180 Upon my branches, to work me more spite; 180
 And oft his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowerets bene defaced:
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to assuage
 The rancorous rigour of his might,
 Nought ask I, but only to hold my right;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.'
 To this the oak cast him to reply
 190 Well as he couth; but his enemy 190
 Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
 That the goodman nould stay his leisure,
 But home him hasted with furious heat,
 Increasing his wrath with many a threat:
 His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas, that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Ay little help to harm there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
 200 Enaunter his rage might coolëd be; 200
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the waste oak.
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,

As half unwilling to cut the grain;
 Seemed, the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.
 For it had been an ancient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,
 And often crossed with the priestës crewe,
 210 And often hallowed with holy-water dew: 210
 But sike fancies weren foolery,
 And brougten this oak to this misery.
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
 For fiercely the goodman at him did lay.
 The block oft groanëd under the blow,
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
 Tho down to the earth he fell forthwith:
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 220 Th'earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake. 220
 There lieth the oak, pitied of none.

Now stands the brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance;
 But all this glee had no continuance:
 For eftsoons winter gan to approach,
 The blustering Boreas did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary brere;
 For now no succour was seen him near.
 Now gan he repent his pride too late;
 230 For naked left and disconsolate, 230
 The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
 The watery wet weighed down his head,
 And heapëd snow burd'ned him so sore,
 That now upright he can stand no more;
 And, being down, is trod in the dirt
 Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was the end of this ambitious brere,
 For scorning eld—
Cuddie. Now I pray thee, shepherd, tell it not forth:
 240 Here is a long tale, and little worth. 240
 So long have I listened to thy speech,

That graffed to the ground is my breech:
 My heart-blood is well-nigh from, I feel,
 And my galage grown fast to my heel:
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted.
 Hie thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

APRIL

Argument: This aeglogue is purposely intended to the honour and praise of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinol and Thenot, two shepherds: the which Hobbinol, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complaining him of that boy's great misadventure in love: whereby his mind was alienate and withdrawn not only from him, who most loved him, but also from all former delights and studies, as well in pleasant piping, as conning rhyming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in poetry, to record a song, which the said Colin sometime made in honour of her Majesty, who abruptly he termeth Elisa.

THENOT

HOBBINOL

The. Tell me, good Hobbinol, what gars thee greet?
 What, hath some wolf thy tender lambs ytern?
 Or is thy bagpipe broke, that sounds so sweet?
 250 Or art thou of thy lovèd lass forlorn?

Or bene thine eyes attemp'ed to the year,
 Quenching the gasping furrows' thirst with rain?
 Like April shower so streams the trickling tears
 Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirsty pain.

Hob. Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourn,
 But for the lad, whom long I loved so dear, 10
 Now loves a lass that all his love doth scorn:
 He plunged in pain, his tressèd locks doth tear.

Shepherds' delights he doth them all forswear;
260 His pleasant pipe, which made us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

The. What is he for a lad, you so lament?
Is love such pinching pain to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make so excellent,
Yet hath so little skill to bridle love? 20

Hob. Colin thou kenn'st, the southern shepherd's boy;
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart:
Whilom on him was all my care and joy,
270 Forcing with gifts to win his wanton heart.

But now from me his madding mind is start,
And woos the widow's daughter of the glen;
So now fair Rosalind hath bred his smart,
So now his friend is changèd for a fren.

The. But if his ditties bene so trimly dight,
I pray thee, Hobbinol, record some one, 30
The whiles our flocks do graze about in sight,
And we close shrouded in this shade alone.

Hob. Contented I: then will I sing his lay
280 Of fair Elisa, queen of shepherds all,
Which once he made as by a spring he lay,
And tuned it unto the waters' fall.

'Ye dainty nymphs, that in this blessed brook
do bathe your breast,
Forsake your wat'ry bowers, and hither look,
at my request: 40
And eke you virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Help me to blaze
290 Her worthy praise,
Which in her sex doth all excel.

Of fair Elisa be your silver song,
 that blessed wight,
 The flower of virgins: may she flourish long
 in princely plight!
 For she is Syrinx' daughter without spot,
 Which Pan, the shepherds' god, of her begot:
 So sprong her grace
 Of heavenly race,

50

300 No mortal blemish may her blot.

See, where she sits upon the grassy green,
 (O seemly sight!)
 Yclad in scarlet, like a maiden queen,
 and ermines white:
 Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
 With damask roses and daffadillies set:
 Bay leaves between,
 And primroses green,
 Embellish the sweet violet.

60

310 Tell me, have ye seen her angelic face,
 like Phoebe fair?
 Her heavenly haviour, her princely grace,
 can you well compare?
 The red rose medled with the white yfere,
 In either cheek depeincten lively cheer:
 Her modest eye,
 Her majesty,
 Where have you seen the like but there?

70

I saw Phoebus thrust out his golden head,
 320 upon her to gaze:
 But, when he saw how broad her beams did spread,
 it did him amaze.
 He blushed to see another sun below,
 Ne durst again his fiery face out show:
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightness compare
 With hers, to have the overthrow.

80

Shew thyself, Cynthia, with thy silver rays,
and be not abasht;

330 When she the beams of her beauty displays,
O, how art thou dasht!

But I will not match her with Latona's seed,
Such folly great sorrow to Niobe did breed:

Now she is a stone,
And makes daily moan,
Warning all other to take heed.

90

Pan may be proud that ever he begot
such a bellibone;

And Syrinx rejoice that ever was her lot
340 to bear such an one.

Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam
To her will I offer a milk-white lamb:

She is my goddess plain,
And I her shepherd's swain,
Albe forswonk and forswat I am.

I see Calliope speed her to the place,
where my goddess shines;

100

And after her the other Muses trace,
with their violines.

350 Bene they not bay branches which they do bear,
All for Elisa in her hand to wear?

So sweetly they play,
And sing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

Lo! how finely the Graces can it foot
to the instrument:

110

They dancen deffly, and singen soote,
in their merriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even?

360 Let that room to my lady be yeven:

She shall be a Grace,
To fill the fourth place,
And reign with the rest in heaven.

And whither runs this bevy of ladies bright,
ranged in a row?

They bene all Ladies of the Lake behight, 120
that unto her go.

Chloris, that is the chiefest nymph of all,
Of olive branches bears a coronal:

370 Olives bene for peace,
When wars do surcease:
Such for a princess bene principal.

Ye shepherds' daughters, that dwell on the green,
hie you there apace:

Let none come there but that virgins bene, 130
to adorn her grace:

And when you come, whereas she is in place,
See that your rudeness do not you disgrace:

Bind your fillets fast,
380 And gird in your waist,
For more fineness, with a tawdry lace.

Bring hither the pink, and purple columbine,
with gillyflowers;

Bring coronations, and sops in wine,
worn of paramours:

Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies, 140
And cowslips, and kingcups, and lovèd lilies:

The pretty paunce,
And the chevisaunce,

390 Shall match with the fair flower delice.

Now rise up, Elisa, deckèd as thou art
in royal array;

And now ye dainty damsels may depart
each one her way.

I fear I have troubled your troops too long:

Let dame Elisa thank you for her song: 150

And if you come hether

When damsons I gather,

I will part them all you among.'

400 *The.* And was thilk same song of Colin's own making?
 Ah, foolish boy! that is with love yblent:
 Great pity is, he be in such taking,
 For naught caren, that bene so lewdly bent.

Hob. Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
 That loves the thing he cannot purchàse.
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on, 160
 And twinkling stars the daylight hence chase.

MAY

Argument: In this fifth aeglogue, under the persons of two shepherds, Piers and Palinode, be represented two forms of pastors or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholic: whose chief talk standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other: with whom having shewed, that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feigned good will, he telleth him a tale of the fox, that, by such a counterpoint of craftiness, deceived and devoured the credulous kid.

PALINODE

PIERS

Palinode. Is not thilk the merry month of May,
 When love lads masken in fresh array?
 410 How falls it, then, we no merrier bene,
 Ylike as others, girt in gaudy green?
 Our bloncket liveries bene all too sad
 For thilk same season, when all is yclad
 With pleasance: the ground with grass, the woods
 With green leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
 Youghthes folk now flocken in everywhere,
 To gather may buskets and smelling brere: 10
 And home they hasten the posts to dight,
 And all the kirk pillars ere daylight,
 420 With hawthorn buds, and sweet eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and sops in wine.

Such merrymake holy saints doth queme,
But we here sitten as drowned in a dream.

Piers. For younkens, Palinode, such follies fit,
But we tway bene men of elder wit.

Pal. Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,

I saw a shoal of shepherds outgo 20

With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer:

Before them yode a lusty tabrere,

430 That to the many a horn-pipe played,

Whereto they dancen, each one with his maid.

To see those folks make such jouissance,

Made my heart after the pipe to dance:

Tho to the green wood they speeden hem all,

To fetchen home May with their musicall:

And home they bringen in a royal throne,

Crownèd as king: and his queen attone 30

Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend

A fair flock of faeries, and a fresh bend

440 Of lovely nymphs. (O that I were there,

To helpen the ladies their maybush bear!)

Ah! *Piers*, bene not thy teeth on edge, to think

How great sport they gainen with little swink?

Piers. Perdie, so far am I from envy,

That their fondness inly I pity:

Those faitours little regarden their charge,

While they, letting their sheep run at large, 40

Passen their time, which should be sparely spent,

In lustihead and wanton merriment.

450 Thilk same bene shepherds for the devil's stead,

That playen while their flocks be unfed.

Well is it seen their sheep bene not their own,

That letten them run at random alone:

But they bene hirèd for little pay

Of other, that caren as little as they

What fallen the flock, so they han the fleece,

And get all the gain, paying but a piece. 50

I muse, what account both these will make,

The one for the hire, which he doth take,

460 And th'other for leaving his lord's task,
When great Pan account of shepherds shall ask.

Pal. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spite,
All for thou lackest somedeles their delight.

I (as I am) had rather be envied,
All were it of my foe, than fonly pitied:
And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
Rather than other should scorn at me:

60

For pitied is mishap that nas remedy,
But scorned bene deeds of fond foolery.

470 What shoulde shepherds other things tend,
Than sith their god his good does them send,
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleasure,
The while they here liven at ease and leisure?
For, when they bene dead, their good is ygo,
They sleepen in rest, well as other mo.

Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
But what they left behind them is lost.

70

Good is no good, but if it be spend;
God giveth good, for none other end.

480 *Piers.* Ah, Palinode, thou art a world's child:
Who touches pitch, mought needs be defiled;
But shepherds (as Algrind used to say)
Mought not live ylike as men of the lay.
With them it sits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair.

They must provide means of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.

80

But shepherd must walk another way,
Sike wordly sovenance he must forsay.

490 The son of his loins why should he regard
To leave enrichēd with that he hath spared?
Should not thilk God, that gave him that good,
Eke cherish his child, if in his ways he stood?
For if he mislive in lewdness and lust,
Little boots all the wealth and the trust
That his father left by inheritance;
All will be soon wasted with misgovernance;

90

But through this, and other their miscreance,
 They maken many a wrong chevisance,
 500 Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
 The floods whereof shall them overflow.
 Sike men's folly I cannot compare
 Better than to the ape's foolish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wot, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and strait embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling. 100
 So oftentimes, whenas good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong intent.

510 The time was once, and may again retorn,
 (For aught may happen, that hath been beforne)
 When shepherds had none inheritance,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferance,
 But what might arise of the bare sheep,
 (Were it more or less) which they did keep.
 Well ywis was it with shepherds tho:
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgo; 110
 For Pan himself was their inheritance,
 And little them served for their maintenance.
 520 The shepherds' god so well them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided;
 Butter enough, honey, milk, and whey,
 And their flocks' fleeces them to array:
 But tract of time, and long prosperity,
 That nurse of vice, this of insolency,
 Lulled the shepherds in such security,
 That, not content with loyal obeisance, 120
 Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
 And match themselves with mighty potentates,
 530 Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepherds' swains to look aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learn to ligge soft:
 Tho, under colour of shepherds, sometime
 There crept in wolves, full of fraud and guile,
 That often devour'd their own sheep,

And often the shepherds that did hem keep:
This was the first source of shepherds' sorrow, 130
That now nill be quit with bail nor borrow.

Pal. Three things to bear bene very burdenous,

540 But the fourth to forbear is outrageous:
Women, that of love's longing once lust,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to assuage:
And who can counsel a thirsty soul,
With patience to forbear the off'red bowl?
But of all burdens, that a man can bear, 140
Most is a fool's talk to bear and to hear.

550 I ween the giant has not such a weight,
That bears on his shoulders the heavens' height.
Thou findest fault where nis to be found,
And buildest strong wark upon a weak ground:
Thou railest on, right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much for small encheason.
How shoulde shepherds live, if not so?
What! should they pinen in pain and woe?
Nay, say I thereto, by my dear borrow, 150
If I may rest, I nill live in sorrow.

Sorrow ne need be hastened on,
560 For he will come, without calling, anon.
While times endure of tranquillity,
Usen we freely our felicity;
For, when approachen the stormy stours,
We mought with our shoulders bear of the sharp
showers;

And, sooth to sayn, nought seemeth sike strife,
That shepherds so witen each other's life,
And layen her faults the world beforne, 160
The while their foes done each of hem scorn.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
570 So conteck soon by concord mought be ended.

Piers. Shepherd, I list none accordance make
With shepherd that does the right way forsake:

And of the twain, if choice were to me,
 Had lever my foe than my friend he be.
 For what concord han light and dark sam?
 Or what peace has the lion with the lamb?
 Such faitours, when their false hearts bene hid, 170
 Will do as did the fox by the kid.

Pal. Now, Piers, of fellowship, tell us that saying:

580 For the lad can keep both our flocks from straying.

Piers. Thilk same kid (as I can well devise)

Was too very foolish and unwise;
 For on a time, in summer season,
 The gate her dam, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
 To browse, or play, or what she thought good:
 But, for she had a motherly care 180

Of her young son, and wit to beware,
 She set her youngling before her knee,
 590 That was both fresh and lovely to see,
 And full of favour as kid mought be.
 His vellet head began to shoot out,
 And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout:
 The bloosmes of lust to bud did begin,
 And spring forth rankly under his chin.
 'My son,' (quoth she) (and with that gan weep,
 For careful thoughts in her heart did creep) 190
 'God bless thee, poor orphan, as He mought me,
 And send thee joy of thy jollity.

600 Thy father' (that word she spake with pain,
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)—
 'Thy father, had he lived this day,
 To see the branch of his body display,
 How would he have joyed at this sweet sight!
 But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spite,
 And cut off his days with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the trains of his foe. 200
 Now I, a wailful widow behight,
 Of my old age have this one delight,
 610 To see thee succeed in thy father's stead,

And flourish in flowers of lustihead:
For even so thy father his head upheld,
And so his haughty horns did he weld.'

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her heart did arise,
And interrupted all her other speech
With some old sorrow that made a new breach: 210
Seemed she saw in the youngling's face
The old lineaments of his father's grace.

620 At last her solein silence she broke,
And gan his new-budded beard to stroke.
'Kiddie,' (quoth she) 'thou kenn'st the great care
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wild beasts liggen in wait
For to entrap in thy tender state:

But most the fox, master of collusion:
For he has vowed thy last confusion. 220

For thy, my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And never give trust to his treachery:
630 And, if he chance come when I am abroad,
Sperre the yate fast for fear of fraud:
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the door at his request.'

So schooled the gate her wanton son,
That answered his mother, all should be done.
Tho went the pensive dam out of door,
And chanced to stumble at the threshold floor: 230

Her stumbling step somewhat her amazed,
(For such, as signs of ill luck bene dispraised)
640 Yet forth she yode, thereat half aghast:
And Kiddie the door sperred after her fast.

It was not long, after she was gone,
But the false fox came to the door anon:
Not as a fox, for then he had be kenned,
But all as a poor pedlar he did wend,
Bearing a truss of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babes, and glasses, in his pack. 240
A biggen he had got about his brain,

For in his headpiece he felt a sore pain:
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the door he cast me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groaned, 'Alack! Alack!
Ah, dear Lord! and sweet Saint Charity!
That some good body would once pity me!'

Well heard Kiddie all this sore constraint,
And lenged to know the cause of his complaint: 250
Tho, creeping close behind the wicket's clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink,
Yet not so privily but the fox him spied;
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.

'Ah, good young master!' (then gan he cry)
'Jesus bless that sweet face I espy,
And keep your corpse from the careful stounds
That in my carrion carcass abounds.'

The kid, pitying his heaviness,
Asked the cause of his great distress, 260
And also who, and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well yconned his lere,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:

'Sick, sick, alas! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlihead.
I am a poor sheep, albe my colour dun,
For with long travail I am brent in the sun:
And, if that my grandsire me said be true,
Sicker, I am very sib to you:

So be your goodlihead do not disdain 270
The base kindred of so simple swain.
Of mercy and favour, then, I you pray
With your aid to forestall my near decay.'

Tho out of his pack a glass he took,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,
He was so enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deem'd dear for the jewel:
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The false fox, as he were stark lame:

His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Lest he should be descried by his train. 280

690 Being within, the kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glass he did see.
After his cheer the pedlar can chat,
And tell many leasings of this and that,
And how he could shew many a fine knack:
Tho shewed his ware and opened his pack,
All save a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the kid to find:
Which when the kid stooped down to catch, 290
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne stayed he once the door to make fast,
700 But ran away with him in all haste.

Home when the doubtful dam had her hied,
She mought see the door stand open wide.
All aghast, loudly she gan to call
Her kid; but he nould answer at all.
Tho on the floor she saw the merchandise
Of which her son had set too dear a price.
What help? her kid she knew well was gone: 300
She weeped, and wailed, and made great moan.
Such end had the kid, for he nould warnëd be
710 Of craft, coloured with simplicity:
And such end, perdie, does all hem remain,
That of such falsers' friendship bene fain.

Pal. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
Furthest fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now, I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir John, to say to-morrow
At the kirk, when it is holiday; 310
For well he means, but little can say.

720 But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepherds hem to know.

Piers. Of their falsehood more could I recount,
But now the bright sun ginneth to dismount,
And, for the dewy night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hie.

AUGUST

Argument: In this aeglogue is set forth a delectable controversy, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgil fashioned his third and seventh Aeglogue. They choose for umpire of their strife, Cuddie, a neatherd's boy; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himself a proper song, whereof Colin, he saith, was author.

WILLY

PERIGOT

CUDDIE

Wil. Tell me, Perigot, what shall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy music match?
Or bene thy bagpipes run far out of frame?
Or hath the cramp thy joints benumbed with ache?

Per. Ah, Willy, when the heart is ill assayed,
730 How can bagpipe or joints be well apaid?

Wil. What the foul evil hath thee so bestad?
Whilom thou wast peregal to the best,
And wont to make the jolly shepherds glad
With piping and dancing, didst pass the rest. 10

Per. Ah, Willy, now I have learned a new dance;
My old music marred by a new mischance.

Wil. Mischief mought to that new mischance befall,
That hath so raft us of our merriment.

740 But rede me, what pain doth thee so appal?
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent?

Per. Love hath misled both my younglings, and me:
I pine for pain, and they my pain to see.

Wil. Perdrie, and wellaway, ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lover's sheep in good plight. 20

But, and if in rhymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soon be put to flight.

Per. That shall I do, though mochell worse I fared:
Never shall be said that Perigot was dared.

750 *Wil.* Then lo, Perigot, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fair sight
Of bears and tigers, that maken fierce war;

And over them spread a goodly wild vine,
 Entrailed with a wanton ivy twine.

30

Thereby is a lamb in the wolvës jaws:
 But see, how fast runneth the shepherd swain
 To save the innocent from the beastës paws;
 And here, with his sheep-hook hath him slain.
 Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever seen?

760 Well mought it beseem any harvest queen.

Per. Thereto will I pawn yonder spotted lamb,
 Of all my flock there nis sike another,
 For I brought him up without the dam:
 But Colin Clout raft me of his brother,
 That he purchased of me in the plain field:
 Sore against my will was I forced to yield.

40

Wil. Sicker, make like account of his brother.
 But who shall judge the wager won or lost?

Per. That shall yonder herdgroom, and none other,
 770 Which over the pousse hitherward doth post.

Wil. But, for the sunbeam so sore doth us beat,
 Were not better to shun the scorching heat?

Per. Well agreed, Willy: then sit thee down, swain:
 Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing.

50

Cud. Gin when ye list, ye jolly shepherds twain:
 Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.

Per. It fell upon a holy eve,

Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!

Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve;

780 *Wil.* Now ginneth this roundelay.

Per. Sitting upon a hill so high,

Wil. Hey, ho, the high hill!

Per. The while my flock did feed thereby;

Wil. The while the shepherd self did spill.

60

Per. I saw the bouncing bellibone,

Wil. Hey, ho, bonibell!

Per. Tripping over the dale alone,

Wil. She can trip it very well.

Per. Well decked in a frock of gray,

790 *Wil.* Hey, ho, gray is greet!

Per. And in a kirtle of green say,

Wil. The green is for maidens meet.

Per. A chaplet on her head she wore,

Wil. Hey, ho, chapelet!

70

Per. Of sweet violets therein was store,

Wil. She sweeter than the violet.

Per. My sheep did leave their wonted food,

Wil. Hey, ho, seely sheep!

Per. And gaz'd on her as they were wood,

800 *Wil.* Wood as he that did them keep.

Per. As the bonilass passed by,

Wil. Hey, ho, bonilass!

Per. She rov'd at me with glancing eye,

Wil. As clear as the crystal glass;

80

Per. All as the sunny beam so bright,

Wil. Hey, ho, the sun beam!

Per. Glanceth from Phoebus' face forthright,

Wil. So love into thy heart did stream:

Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,

810 *Wil.* Hey, ho, the thunder!

Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shrouds,

Wil. So cleaves thy soul asunder:

Per. Or as Dame Cynthia's silver ray,

Wil. Hey, ho, the moonlight!

90

Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play,

Wil. Such play is a piteous plight.

Per. The glance into my heart did glide;

Wil. Hey, ho, the glider!

Per. Therewith my soul was sharply gride,

820 *Wil.* Such wounds soon wexen wider.

Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,

Wil. Hey, ho, Perigot!

Per. I left the head in my heart-root,

Wil. It was a desperate shot.

100

Per. There it rankleth, aye more and more,

Wil. Hey, ho, the arrow!

Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore:

Wil. Love is a cureless sorrow.

Per. And though my bale with death I bought,

830 *Wil.* Hey, ho, heavy cheer!

Per. Yet should thilk lass not from my thought,

Wil. So you may buy gold too dear.

Per. But whether in painful love I pine,

Wil. Hey, ho, pinching pain! 110

Per. Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine,

Wil. But if thou can her obtain.

Per. And if for graceless grief I die,

Wil. Hey, ho, graceless grief!

Per. Witness she slew me with her eye,

840 *Wil.* Let thy folly be the prief.

Per. And you, that saw it, simple sheep,

Wil. Hey, ho, the fair flock!

Per. For prief thereof, my death shall weep,

Wil. And moan with many a mock. 120

Per. So learned I love on a holy eve,

Wil. Hey, ho, holiday!

Per. That ever since my heart did grieve,

Wil. Now endeth our roundelay.

Cud. Sicker, sike a roundel never heard I none:

850 Little lacketh Perigot of the best,

And Willy is not greatly overgone,

So weren his under-songs well addrest.

Wil. Herdgroom, I fear me, thou have a squint eye:

Arede uprightly, who has the victory? 130

Cud. Faith of my soul, I deem each have gained:

For thy let the lamb be Willy his own:

And for Perigot so well hath him pained

To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

Per. Perigot is well pleasèd with the doom:

860 Ne can Willy wite the witeless herdgroom.

Wil. Never dempt more right of beauty, I ween,

The shepherd of Ida that judged Beauty's queen.

Cud. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend

Your roundels fresh, to hear a doleful verse 140

Of Rosalind (who knows not Rosalind?)
That Colin made? ylk can I you rehearse.

Per. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a lad:
With merry thing it's good to medle sad.

Wil. Faith of my soul, thou shalt ycrown'd be

870 In Colin's stead, if thou this song arede;
For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.

Cud. Then list'neth each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthful as ye may. 150

Ye wasteful woods! bear witness of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound:
Ye careless birds are privy to my cries,
Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
Thou, pleasant spring, hast lulled me oft asleep,
880 Whose streams my trickling tears did oft augment.

Resort of people doth my griefs augment,
The wall'd towns do work my greater woe;
The forest wide is fitter to resound
The hollow echo of my careful cries: 160
I hate the house, since then my love did part,
Whose wailful want debars mine eyes from sleep.

Let streams of tears supply the place of sleep;
Let all that sweet is, void: and all that may augment
My doole, draw near. More meet to wail my woe
890 Bene the wild woods, my sorrows to resound,
Than bed, or bower, both which I fill with cries,
When I them see so waste, and find no part

Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
In gastful grove therefore, till my last sleep 170
Do close mine eyes: so shall I not augment
With sight of such as change my restless woe:
Help me, ye baneful birds, whose shrieking sound
Is sign of dreary death, my deadly cries

900 Most ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You hear all night, when nature craveth sleep,
 Increase, so let your irksome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
 I vow'd have to waste, till safe and sound 180

She home return, whose voice's silver sound
 To cheerful songs can change my cheerless cries.
 Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
 In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
 910 The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.

And you that feel no woe, / Whenas the sound
 Of these my nightly cries / Ye hear apart,
 Let break your sounder sleep, / And pity augment.

Per. O Colin, Colin! the shepherds' joy, 190
 How I admire each turning of thy verse!
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boy,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse!

Cud. Then blow your pipes, shepherds, till you be at
 home;
 The night nigheth fast, it's time to be gone.

OCTOBER

Argument: In Cuddie is set out the perfect pattern of a poet,
 which, finding no maintenance of his state and studies,
 complaineth of the contempt of poetry, and the causes
 thereof: specially having been in all ages, and even amongst
 the most barbarous, always of singular account and honour,
 and being indeed so worthy and commendable an art; or
 rather no art, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to
 be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both;
 and poured into the wit by a certain *Ἐνθουσιασμός* and
 celestial inspiration, as the author hereof else where at

large discourseth in his book called *The English Poet*, which book being lately come to my hands, I mind also by God's grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERS

CUDDIE

920 *Piers.* Cuddie, for shame! hold up thy heavy head,
 And let us cast with what delight to chase,
 And weary this long ling'ring Phoebus' race.
 Whilom thou wont the shepherds' lads to lead
 In rhymes, in riddles, and in bidding base;
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleep art dead.

Cud. Piers, I have pipēd erst so long with pain,
 That all mine oaten reeds bene rent and wore,
 And my poor Muse hath spent her sparēd store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much less gain. 10
 930 Such pleasance makes the grasshopper so poor,
 And ligge so layd, when winter doth her strain.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
 To feed youth's fancy, and the flocking fry,
 Delighten much; what I the bett for thy?
 They han the pleasure, I a slender price;
 I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly:
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

Piers. Cuddie, the praise is better than the price,
 The glory eke much greater than the gain: 20
 940 O! what an honour is it, to restrain
 The lust of lawless youth with good advice,
 Or prick them forth with pleasance of thy vein,
 Whereto thou list their trainēd wills entice.

Soon as thou ginn'st to set thy notes in frame,
 O, how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
 Seemeth thou dost their soul of sense bereave:
 All as the shepherd that did fetch his dame

From Pluto's baleful bower withouten leave,
His music's might the hellish hound did tame. 30

950 *Cud.* So praisen babes the peacock's spotted train,
And wond'ren at bright Argus' blazing eye.
But who rewards him e'er the more for thy,
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praise is smoke, that sheddeth in the sky;
Sike words bene wind, and wasten soon in vain.

Piers. Abandon, then, the base and viler clown;
Lift up thyself out of the lowly dust,
And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of jousts;
Turn thee to those that wield the awful crown, 40
960 To doubted knights, whose woundless armour rusts,
And helms unbruised wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muse display her flutt'ring wing,
And stretch herself at large from east to west;
Whether thou list in fair Elisa rest,
Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
Advance the worthy whom she loveth best,
That first the white bear to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string, 50
970 Of love and lustihead then may'st thou sing,
And carol loud, and lead the millers round,
All were Elisa one of thilk same ring;
So mought our Cuddie's name to heaven sound.

Cud. Indeed the Romish Tityrus, I hear,
Through his Maecenas left his oaten reed,
Whereon he erst had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eft did sing of wars and deadly drede,
So as the heavens did quake his verse to hear. 60

980 But ah! Maecenas is yclad in clay,
 And great Augustus long ago is dead,
 And all the worthies liggēn wrapt in lead,
 That matter made for poets on to play:
 For ever, who in derring-do were dread,
 The lofty verse of hem was lovēd aye.

But after virtue gan for age to stoop,
 And mighty manhood brought a bed of ease,
 The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
 To put in preace among the learned troop: 70
 990 Tho gan the streams of flowing wits to cease,
 And sun-bright honour penned in shameful coop.

And if that any buds of poesy,
 Yet of the old stock gan to shoot again,
 Or it men's follies mote be forced to feign,
 And roll with rest in rhymes of ribaldry;
 Or, as it sprang, it wither must again:
 Tom Piper makes us better melody.

Piers. O peerless poesy! where is then thy place?
 If nor in prince's palace thou do sit, 80
 1000 (And yet is prince's palace the most fit,)
 Ne breast of baser birth doth thee embrace:
 Then make thee wings of thine aspiring wit,
 And, whence thou cam'st, fly back to heaven apace.

Cud. Ah, Percy! it is all too weak and wan,
 So high to soar and make so large a flight;
 Her piecēd pinions bene not so in plight:
 For Colin fits such famous flight to scan;
 He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as swan. 90

1010 *Piers.* Ah, fon! for love does teach him climb so high,
 And lifts him up out of the loathsome mire:
 Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
 Would raise one's mind above the starry sky,

And cause a caitiff corage to aspire;
For lofty love doth loathe a lowly eye.

Cud. All otherwise the state of poet stands;
For lordly love is such a tyrant fell,
That where he rules all power he doth expel;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demands, 100
1020 Ne wont with crabb'd care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever casts to compass weighty'prise,
And thinks to throw out thund'ring words of threat,
Let pour in lavish cups and thrifty bits of meat,
For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phoebus wise;
And, when with wine the brain begins to sweat,
The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.

Thou kenn'st not, Percy, how the rhyme should rage.
O! if my temples were distained with wine, 110
1030 And girt in girlonds of wild ivy twine,
How I could rear the Muse on stately stage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With quaint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cools ere it be warm:
For thy content us in this humble shade,
Where no such troublous tides han us assayed;
Here we our slender pipes may safely charm.

Piers. And when my goats shall han their bellies layd
Cuddie shall have a kid to store his farm. 120

NOVEMBER

Argument: In this xi aeglogue he bewaileth the death of some maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secret, and to me altogether unknown, albe of himself I often required the same. This aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Lois the French queen; but far passing his reach, and in mine opinion all other the aeglogues of this book.

THENOT

COLIN

1040 *The.* Colin, my dear, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouissance?
 Thy Muse too long slumb'reth in sorrowing,
 Lull'd asleep through love's misgovernance.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endless sovenance
 Among the shepherds swains may aye remain,
 Whether thee list thy loved lass advance,
 Or honour Pan with hymns of higher vein.

Col. Thenot, now nis the time of merrymake,
 Nor Pan to hery, nor with love to play;

10

1050 Sike mirth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade, under the cock'd hay.
 But now sad winter welk'd hath the day,
 And Phoebus, weary of his yearly task,
 Ystabled hath his steeds in lowly lay,
 And taken up his inn in Fishes' hask.

Thilk solein season sadder plight doth ask,
 And loatheth sike delights as thou dost praise:
 The mournful Muse in mirth now list ne mask,
 As she was wont in youngth and summer days:

20

1060 But if thou algate lust light virelays,
 And looser songs of love to underfong,
 Who but thyself deserves sike poet's praise?
 Relive thy oaten pipes that sleepen long.

The. The nightingale is sovereign of song,
 Before him sits the titmouse silent be:
 And I, unfit to thrust in skilful throng,

Should Colin make judge of my foolery?

Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,

And han be watered at the Muses' well:

30

1070

The kindly dew drops from the higher tree,

And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.

But if sad winter's wrath, and season chill,

Accord not with thy Muse's merriment,

To sadder times thou may'st attune thy quill,

And sing of sorrow and death's dreariment.

For dead is Dido, dead, alas! and drent;

Dido! the great shepherd his daughter shene.

The fairest may she ever was that went,

Her like she has not left behind I ween:

40

1080

And, if thou wilt bewail my woeful teen,

I shall thee give yond cosset for thy pain;

And, if thy rhymes as round and rueful bene

As those that did thy Rosalind complain,

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou shalt gain,

Than kid or cosset, which I thee bynempt.

Then up, I say, thou jolly shepherd swain,

Let not my small demand be so contempt.

Col. Thenot, to that I choose thou dost me tempt;

But ah! too well I wot my humble vein,

50

1090

And how my rhymes bene rugged and unkempt;

Yet, as I con, my conning I will strain.

Up, then, Melpomene! thou mournful'st Muse of nine,

Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;

Up, grisly ghosts! and up my rueful rhyme!

Matter of mirth now shalt thou have no more;

For dead she is, that mirth thee made of yore.

Dido, my dear, alas! is dead,

Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead.

O heavy herse!

60

1100

Let streaming tears be poured out in store;

O careful verse!

Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downs abide,
 Wail ye this woeful waste of Nature's wark;
 Wail we the wight whose presence was our pride;
 Wail we the wight whose absence is our cark;
 The sun of all the world is dim and dark:
 The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night.

O heavy herse!

70

1110 Break we our pipes, that shrilled as loud as lark;
 O careful verse!

Why do we longer live, (ah, why live we so long?)
 Whose better days Death hath shut up in woe?
 The fairest flower our girlond all among
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygo.
 Sing now, ye shepherds' daughters, sing no mo
 The songs that Colin made in her praise,
 But into weeping turn your wanton lays.

O heavy herse!

80

1120 Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygo:
 O careful verse!

Whence is it, that the flow'ret of the field doth fade,
 And lieth buried long in winter's bale;
 Yet, soon as spring his mantle hath displayed,
 It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail?
 But thing on earth that is of most avail,
 As virtue's branch and beauty's bud,
 Reliven not for any good.

O heavy herse!

90

1130 The branch once dead, the bud eke needs must quail;
 O careful verse!

She, while she was, (that was, a woeful word to sayn!)
 For beauty's praise and pleasance had no peer;
 So well she couth the shepherds entertain
 With cakes and cracknels, and such country cheer:
 Ne would she scorn the simple shepherds swain;

For she would call hem often heame,
And give hem curds and clotted cream.

O heavy herse!

100

1140 Als Colin Clout she would not once disdain;
O careful verse!

But now sike happy cheer is turned to heavy chance,
Such pleasance now displaced by dolour's dint:
All music sleeps, where Death doth lead the dance,
And shepherds' wonted solace is extinct.
The blue in black, the green in gray is tinct;
The gaudy girlonds deck her grave,
The faded flowers her corse embrace.

O heavy herse!

110

1150 Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with tears besprint;
O careful verse!

O thou great shepherd Lobbin, how great is thy grief!
Where bene the nosegays that she dight for thee:
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted rush-rings, and gilt rosemary?
For she deem'd nothing too dear for thee.

Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;

One bitter blast blew all away.

O heavy herse!

120

1160 Thereof nought remains but the memory;
O careful verse!

Ay me! that dreary Death should strike so mortal
stroke,

That can undo Dame Nature's kindly course;

The faded locks fall from the lofty oak,

The floods do gasp, for driëd is their source,

And floods of tears flow in their stead perforce:

The mantled meadows mourn,

Their sundry colours turn.

O heavy herse!

130

1170 The heavens do melt in tears without remorse;
O careful verse!

The feeble flocks in field refuse their former food,
 And hang their heads as they would learn to weep;
 The beasts in forest wail as they were wood,
 Except the wolves, that chase the wand'ring sheep,
 Now she is gone that safely did hem keep:

The turtle on the barèd branch

Laments the wound that Death did launch.

O heavy herse!

140

1180

And Philomel her song with tears doth steep;

O careful verse!

The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
 dance,

And for her girlond olive branches bear,

Now baleful boughs of cypress doen advance;

The Muses, that were wont green bays to wear,

Now bringen bitter elder branches sere;

The fatal sisters eke repent

Her vital thread so soon was spent.

O heavy herse!

150

1190

Mourn now, my Muse, now mourn with heavy cheer,

O careful verse!

O! trustless state of earthly things, and slipper hope

Of mortal men, that swink and sweat for nought,

And, shooting wide, do miss the markèd scope;

Now have I learned (a lesson dearly bought)

That nis on earth assurance to be sought;

For what might be in earthly mould,

That did her buried body hold.

O heavy herse!

160

1200

Yet saw I on the bier when it was brought;

O careful verse!

But maugre Death, and dreaded sisters' deadly spite,
 And gates of hell, and fiery furies' force,
 She hath the bonds broke of eternal night,
 Her soul unbodied of the burdenous corse.

Why then weeps Lobbin so without remorse?

O Lob! thy loss no longer lament;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.

O happy herse!

170

1210 Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrow's source;

O joyful verse!

Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with
 plaints,

As if some evil were to her betight?

She reigns a goddess now among the saints,

That whilom was the saint of shepherds' light,

And is install'd now in heaven's height.

I see thee, blessed soul, I see

Walk in Elysian fields so free.

O happy herse!

180

1220 Might I once come to thee (O that I might!);

O joyful verse!

Unwise and wretched men, to weet what's good or ill,

We deem of death as doom of ill desert;

But knew we, fools, what it us brings until,

Die would we daily, once it to expert!

No danger there the shepherd can astert;

Fair fields and pleasant lays there bene;

The fields aye fresh, the grass aye green.

O happy herse! .

190

1230 Make haste, ye shepherds, thither to revert:

O joyful verse!

Dido is gone afore (whose turn shall be the next?);

There lives she with the blessed gods in bliss,

There drinks she nectar with ambrosia mixt,

And joys enjoys that mortal men do miss.

The honour now of highest gods she is,

That whilom was poor shepherds' pride,

While here on earth she did abide.

O happy herse!

200

1240 Cease now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
 O joyful verse!

The. Ay frank shepherd, how bene thy verses meint
 With doleful pleasance, so as I ne wot
 Whether rejoyce or weep for great constraint?
 Thine be the cosset, well hast thou it got.
 Up, Colin up! enough thou mournëd hast;
 Now gins to mizzle, hie we homeward fast.

FROM
Virgil's Gnat

(lines 65-88)

The fiery sun was mounted now on hight
Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
1250 Out of his golden chariot glistening light;
And fair Aurora, with her rosy hair,
The hateful darkness now had put to flight;
Whenas the shepherd, seeing day appear, 70
His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
To feed abroad where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountain's top he with them went,
Where thickest grass did clothe the open hills.
They now amongst the woods and thickets meint,
Now in the valleys wand'ring at their wills,
1260 Spread themselves far abroad through each descent,
Some on the soft green grass feeding their fills,
Some, clamb'ring through the hollow cliffs on high,
Nibble the bushy shrubs which grow thereby. 80

Others the utmost boughs of trees do crop,
And browse the woodbine twigs that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
Of some soft willow, or new grown stud;
This with sharp teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;
1270 The whiles another high doth overlook
Her own like image in a crystal brook.

FROM
Prosopopoia
or
Mother Hubbard's Tale

(lines 1-342)

It was the month in which the righteous Maid,
That for disdain of sinful world's upbraid
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bower the Sun received;
And the hot Sirian Dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed Lion's cruel baiting,
Corrupted had th'air with his noisome breath,
And poured on th'earth plague, pestilence, and death.
1280 Amongst the rest a wicked malady
Reigned amongst men, that many did to die, 10
Deprived of sense and ordinary reason;
That it to leeches seemed strange and geason.
My fortune was, 'mongst many others mo,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weak body set on fire with grief,
Was robbed of rest and natural relief.
In this ill plight there came to visit me
Some friends, who, sorry my sad case to see,
1290 Began to comfort me in cheerful wise, 20
And means of gladsome solace to devise:
But seeing kindly sleep refuse to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And, sitting all in seats about me round,
With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)
They cast in course to waste the weary hours.

- Some told of ladies, and their paramours;
 1300 Some of brave knights, and their renown'd squires;
 Some of the faeries and their strange attires; 30
 And some of giants, hard to be believed;
 That the delight thereof me much relieved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubbard, who did far surpass
 The rest in honest mirth, that seemed her well:
 She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
 Told of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the fox and th'ape by him misguided;
 1310 The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirit heavy and diseased, 40
 I'll write in terms as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
 Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

- Whilom (said she) before the world was civil,
 The fox and th'ape, disliking of their evil
 And hard estate, determin'd to seek
 Their fortunes far abroad, like with his like,
 1320 For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
 Two fellows might nowhere be better fitted. 50
 The fox, that first this cause of grief did find,
 Gan first thus plain his case with words unkind.
 'Neighbour ape, and my gossip eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tied),
 To whom may I more trustily complain
 The evil plight that doth me sore constrain,
 And hope thereof to find due remedy?
 Hear, then, my pain and inward agony.
 1330 Thus many years I now have spent and worn
 In mean regard, and basest fortune's scorn, 60
 Doing my country service as I might,
 No less, I dare say, than the proudest wight;
 And still I hoped to be up advanc'd,
 For my good parts; but still it hath mischanc'd.

Now therefore that no longer hope I see,
 But froward fortune still to follow me,
 And losels lifted up on high, where I did look,
 I mean to turn the next leaf of the book:

1340 Yet, ere that any way I do betake,
 I mean my gossip privy first to make.' 70

'Ah! my dear gossip' (answered then the ape),
 'Deeply do your sad words my wits awhape,
 Both for because your grief doth great appear,
 And eke because myself am touchèd near:

For I likewise have wasted much good time,
 Still waiting to preferment up to climb,
 Whilst others always have before me stepped,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept;

1350 That now unto despair I gin to grow,
 And mean for better wind about to throw. 80

Therefore to me, my trusty friend, arede
 Thy counsel: two is better than one head.'

'Certes' (said he) 'I mean me to disguise
 In some strange habit, after uncouth wise;

Or like a pilgrim, or a limiter,
 Or like a gipsen, or a juggeler,

And so to wander to the world's end,
 To seek my fortune, where I may it mend:

1360 For worse than that I have I cannot meet. 90

Wide is the world, I wot, and every street
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
 Continually subject unto change.

Say, my fair brother now, if this device
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice.'

'Surely' (said th'ape) 'it likes me wondrous well;
 And would ye not poor fellowship expel,

Myself would offer you t'accompany
 In this adventure's chanceful jeopardy:

1370 For to wex old at home in idleness 100

Is disadvent'rous, and quite fortuneless;
 Abroad, where change is, good may gotten be.'

The fox was glad, and quickly did agree:

So both resolved, the morrow next ensuing,
 So soon as day appeared to people's viewing,
 On their intended journey to proceed;
 And overnight, whatso thereto did need,
 Each did prepare, in readiness to be.

The morrow next, so soon as one might see
 1380 Light out of heaven's windows forth to look,
 Both their habiliments unto them took, 110
 And put themselves (a' God's name) on their way.

Whenas the ape, beginning well to weigh
 This hard adventure, thus began t'advise.
 'Now rede, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
 What course ye ween is best for us to take,
 That for ourselves we may a living make.
 Whether shall we profess some trade or skill?
 Or shall we vary our device at will,

1390 Even as new occasion appears?
 Or shall we tie ourselves for certain years 120
 To any service, or to any place?
 For it behoves, ere that into the race
 We enter, to resolve first hereupon.'

'Now surely, brother,' (said the fox anon),
 'Ye have this matter motioned in season;
 For everything that is begun with reason
 Will come by ready means unto his end;
 But things miscounsell'd must needs miswend.

1400 Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
 That not to any certain trade or place, 130
 Nor any man, we should ourselves apply;
 For why should he that is at liberty
 Make himself bond? sith then we are free born,
 Let us all servile base subjection scorn;
 And as we be sons of the world so wide,
 Let us our father's heritage divide,
 And challenge to ourselves our portions due
 Of all the patrimony, which a few

1410 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest do rob of good and land. 140

For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordain'd first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gave like blessing to each creature
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 1420 Nor aught called mine or thine: thrice happy then
 Was the condition of mortal men. 150
 That was the golden age of Saturn old,
 But this might better be the world of gold:
 For without gold now nothing will be got.
 Therefore (if please you) this shall be our plot:
 We will not be of any occupation;
 Let such vile vassals, born to base vocation,
 Drudge in the world, and for their living droil,
 Which have no wit to live withouten toil;
 1430 But we will walk about the world at pleasure
 Like two free men, and make our ease our treasure. 160
 Free men some beggars call, but they be free,
 And they which call them so more beggars be:
 For they do swink and sweat to feed the other,
 Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
 And yet do never thank them for the same,
 But as their due by nature do it claim.
 Such will we fashion both ourselves to be,
 Lords of the world, and so will wander free
 1440 Whereso us listeth, uncontrolled of any. 170
 Hard is our hap, if we (amongst so many)
 Light not on some that may our state amend;
 Seldom but some good cometh ere the end.'
 Well seemed the ape to like this ordinance;
 Yet, well considering of the circumstance,
 As pausing in great doubt, awhile he stayed,
 And afterwards with grave advisement said:
 'I cannot, my lief brother, like but well
 The purpose of the complot which ye tell;

- 1450 For well I wot (compared to all the rest
 Of each degree) that beggar's life is best: 180
 And they, that think themselves the best of all,
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot withal, that we shall run
 Into great danger, like to be undone,
 Thus wildly to wander in the world's eye,
 Withouten passport or good warranty,
 For fear lest we like rogues should be reputed,
 And for ear-marked beasts abroad be bruited;
- 1460 Therefore I rede, that we our counsels call, 190
 How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
 And how we may, with most security,
 Beg amongst those that beggars do defy.'
 'Right well, dear gossip, ye advisèd have,'
 (Said then the fox) 'but I this doubt will save;
 For ere we farther pass I will devise
 A passport for us both in fittest wise,
 And by the names of soldiers us protect:
 That now is thought a civil begging sect.
- 1470 Be you the soldier, for you likest are 200
 For manly semblance, and small skill in war:
 I will but wait on you, and, as occasion
 Falls out, myself fit for the same will fashion.'
 The passport ended, both they forward went;
 The ape clad soldier-like, fit for th'intent,
 In a blue jacket with a cross of red
 And many slits, as if that he had shed
 Much blood through many wounds therein received,
 Which had the use of his right arm bereaved;
- 1480 Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore, 210
 With a plume feather all to pieces tore:
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an empty gut;
 And his hose broken high above the heeling,
 And his shoes beaten out with travelling.
 But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
 Seems that no foe's revengement he did fear:

- Instead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leanèd, as one far in eld.
1490 Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turn the name of soldiers to abusion, 220
And that, which is the noblest mystery,
Brings to reproach and common infamy.
Long thus they travellèd, yet never met
Adventure which might them a-working set;
Yet many ways they sought, and many tried;
Yet for their purposes none fit espied.
At last they chanced to meet upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray;
1500 Yet though his vesture were but mean and base,
A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good is good hearts' greatest loathing.
The fox him spying, bade the ape him dight
To play his part, for lo! he was in sight
That (if he erred not) should them entertain,
And yield them timely profit for their pain.
Eftsoons the ape himself gan up to rear,
And on his shoulders high his bat to bear,
1510 As if good service he were fit to do;
But little thrift for him he did it to: 240
And stoutly forward he his steps did strain,
That like a handsome swain it him became.
Whenas they nigh approachèd, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosely, first began
T'inquire of custom, what and whence they were?
To whom the ape, 'I am a soldier,
That late in wars have spent my dearest blood,
And in long service lost both limbs and good;
1520 And now, constrained that trade to overgive,
I driven am to seek some means to live: 250
Which might it you in pity please t'afford,
I would be ready, both in deed and word,
To do you faithful service all my days.
This iron world' (that same he weeping says)

'Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state;
 For misery doth bravest minds abate,
 And make them seek for that they wont to scorn,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorn.'

- 1530 The honest man, that heard him thus complain,
 Was grieved as he had felt part of his pain; 260
 And, well disposed him some relief to show,
 Asked if in husbandry he aught did know,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sow,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thatch, to mow?
 Or to what labour else he was prepared?
 For husband's life is laborous and hard.
 Whenas the ape him heard so much to talk
 Of labour, that did from his liking balk,
 1540 He would have slipped the collar handsomely, 270
 And to him said: 'Good sir, full glad am I,
 To take what pains may any living wight;
 But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
 To do their kindly services, as needeth.
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
 So that it may no painful work endure,
 Ne to strong labour can itself inure:
 But if that any other place you have,
 Which asks small pains, but thriftiness to save,
 1550 Or care to overlook, or trust to gather, 280
 Ye may me trust as your own ghostly father.'

- With that the husbandman gan him advise
 That it for him were fittest exercise
 Cattle to keep, or grounds to oversee;
 And asked him, if he could willing be
 To keep his sheep, or to attend his swine,
 Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?
 'Gladly' (said he) 'whatever such like pain
 Ye put on me, I will the same sustain;
 1560 But gladliest I of your fleecy sheep 290
 (Might it you please) would take on me the keep.
 For ere that unto arms I me betook,
 Unto my father's sheep I used to look,

- That yet the skill thereof I have not lost:
 Thereto right well this cur-dog, by my cost,
 (Meaning the fox) 'will serve my sheep to gather,
 And drive to follow after their bell-wether.'
 The husbandman was meanly well content
 Trial to make of his endeavourment,
 1570 And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
 Of all his flock, with liberty full large, 300
 Giving accompt of th'annual increase
 Both of their lambs, and of their woolly fleece.
 Thus is this ape become a shepherd swain,
 And the false fox his dog. (God give them pain!)
 For ere the year have half his course outrun,
 And do return from whence he first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
 Now whenas Time, flying with winges swift,
 1580 Expir'd had the term, that these two javels 310
 Should render up a reck'ning of their travails
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile thievery:
 For not a lamb of all their flock's supply
 Had they to shew; but, ever as they bred,
 They slew them, and upon their fleshs fed;
 1590 For that disguis'd dog loved blood to spill, 320
 And drew the wicked shepherd to his will.
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambs failed the old sheep's lives they reft;
 That how t'acquit themselves unto their lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
 The fox then counselled th'ape for to require
 Respite till morrow t'answer his desire;
 For time's delay new hope of help still breeds.
 The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
 1600 And bade next day that all should ready be:
 But they more subtil meaning had than he; 330

For the next morrow's meed they closely meant,
For fear of afterclaps, for to prevent:

And that same evening, when all shrouded were
In careless sleep, they without care or fear
Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,

And of them slew at pleasure what they would.
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,

1610 They stole away, and took their hasty flight,
Carried in clouds of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his loss,
And they unto their fortune's change to toss.

FROM
The Visions of Bellay

I

It was the time, when rest, soft sliding down
From heaven's height into men's heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulness of sleep doth drown
The careful thoughts of mortal miseries;
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appear,
On that great river's bank, that runs by Rome;
1620 Which, calling me by name, bade me to rear
My looks to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying loud, 'Lo! now behold' (quoth he)
'What under this great temple plac'd is: 10
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity!'
So I, that know this world's inconstancies,
Sith only God surmounts all Time's decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II

On high hill's top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by just assize,
1630 With hundred pillars fronting fair the same,
All wrought with diamond after Doric wise:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining crystal, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
On hundred steps of Afric's gold enchase:
Gold was the parget; and the ceiling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of gold; 10
The floor of jasp and emerald was dight.
O world's vainsse! Whiles thus I did behold,
1640 An earthquake shook the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruin great.

IV

I saw raised up on ivory pillars tall,
 Whose bases were of richest metal's wark,
 The chapters alabaster, the friezes crystal,
 The double front of a triumphal arc:
 On each side portrayed was a Victory,
 Clad like a nymph, that wings of silver wears,
 And in triumphant chair was set on high,
 The ancient glory of the Roman peers.
 1650 No work it seemed of earthly craftsman's wit,
 But rather wrought by his own industry, 10
 That thunder-darts for Jove his sire doth fit.
 Let me no more see fair thing under sky,
 Sith that mine eyes have seen so fair a sight
 With sudden fall to dust consumèd quite.

VII

I saw the bird that can the sun endure,
 With feeble wings assay to mount on height;
 By more and more she gan her wings t'assure,
 Following th'ensample of her mother's sight:
 1660 I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
 To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinions
 To measure the most haughty mountain's height,
 Until she raught the gods' own mansions:
 There was she lost, when sudden I beheld,
 Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold, 10
 All flaming down she on the plain was felled,
 And soon her body turned to ashes cold.
 I saw the fowl that doth the light despise,
 Out of her dust like to a worm arise.

FROM
The Visions of Petrarch

I

- 1670 Being one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a hind appeared to me,
So fair as mote the greatest god delight;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chase,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruel race
They pinched the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spied, 10
1680 Under a rock, where she, alas, oppressed,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely died.
Cruel death vanquishing so noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail so hard a destiny.

III

- Then heavenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lusty laurel tree,
Amidst the young green wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought myself to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,
Chanting in shade their sundry melody,
1690 That with their sweetness I was ravished near.
While on this laurel fixēd was mine eye,
The sky gan everywhere to overcast,
And dark'ned was the welkin all about, 10
When sudden flash of heaven's fire out brast,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root;
Which makes me much and ever to complain;
For no such shadow shall be had again.

V

I saw a phoenix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings, and crest of golden hue;
 1700 Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anon,
 That of some heavenly wight I had the view;
 Until he came unto the broken tree,
 And to the spring, that late devour'd was.
 What say I more? each thing at last we see
 Doth pass away: the phoenix there, alas,
 Spying the tree destroyed, the water dried,
 Himself smote with his beak, as in disdain, 10
 And so forthwith in great despite he died,
 That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
 1710 For ruth and pity of so hapless plight:
 O let mine eyes no more see such a sight!

VI

At last so fair a lady did I spy,
 That thinking yet on her I burn and quake;
 On herbs and flowers she walk'd pensively,
 Mild, but yet love she proudly did forsake.
 White seemed her robes, yet woven so they were,
 As snow and gold together had been wrought:
 Above the waist a dark cloud shrouded her,
 A stinging serpent by the heel her caught;
 1720 Wherewith she languished as the gathered flower;
 And well assured she mounted up to joy. 10
 Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy:
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Toss'd with storms of fortune variable!

FROM
Colin Clout's Come Home Again

(lines 200-289 and 835-955)

- ‘And is the sea’ (quoth Corydon) ‘so fearful?’ 200
‘Fearful much more’ (quoth he) ‘than heart can fear:
Thousand wild beasts with deep mouths gaping direful
Therein still wait poor passengers to tear.
Who life doth loathe, and longs Death to behold,
1730 Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadful, as it seems,
Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wand’ring streams 210
Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell.
For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to land,
1740 As if it scorned the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
Gluëd together with some subtil matter.
Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move itself upon the water.
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was, 220
That neither cared for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pass
So proudly, that she made them roar again.
The same aboard us gently did receive,
1750 And without harm us far away did bear,
So far that land, our mother, us did leave,
And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
That shepherd I besought to me to tell,

Under what sky, or in what world we were, 230
In which I saw no living people dwell.

Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment
Of a great shepherdess, that Cynthia hight,

1760 His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.

'If then' (quoth I) 'a shepherdess she be,
Where be the flocks and herds, which she doth keep?
And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheep?'

'These be the hills' (quoth he) 'the surges high, 240

On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed:

Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
Which in the bosom of the billows breed.

Of them the shepherd which hath charge in chief,

1770 Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathèd horn:

At sound whereof, they all for their relief

Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.

And Proteus eke with him does drive his herd

Of stinking seals and porcpisces together,

With hoary head and dewy-dropping beard, 250

Compelling them which way he list, and whither.

And, I among the rest, of many least,

Have in the ocean charge to me assigned;

Where I will live or die at her behest,

1780 And serve and honour her with faithful mind.

Besides an hundred nymphs all heavenly born,

And of immortal race, do still attend

To wash fair Cynthia's sheep, when they be shorn,

And fold them up, when they have made an end.

Those be the shepherds which my Cynthia serve 260

At sea, beside a thousand mo at land:

For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve

To have in her commandement at hand.'

Thereat I wond'ring much, till, wond'ring more

1790 And more, at length we land far off descried:

Which sight much gladdened me; for much afore

I feared, lest land we never should have eyed.

Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
As if the way she perfectly had known.

We Lundy pass; by that same name is meant 270

An island, which the first to west was shown.

From thence another world of land we kenned,

Floating amid the sea in jeopardy,

And round about with mighty white rocks hemmed,

1800 Against the sea's encroaching cruelty.

Those same, the shepherd told me, were the fields

In which dame Cynthia her landherds fed;

Fair goodly fields, than which Armulla yields

None fairer, nor more fruitful to be read:

The first, to which we nigh approach'd, was 280

An high headland thrust far into the sea,

Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,

Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea:

There did a lofty mount at first us greet,

1810 Which did a stately heap of stones uprear,

That seemed amid the surges for to fleet,

Much greater than that frame, which us did bear;

There did our ship her fruitful womb unlade,

And put us all ashore on Cynthia's land.'

* * *

'Of Love's perfection perfectly to speak,

Or of his nature rightly to define,

Indeed' (said Colin) 'passeth reason's reach,

And needs his priest t'express his power divine.

For long before the world he was ybore

1820 And bred above in Venus' bosom dear: 840

For by his power the world was made of yore,

And all that therein wondrous doth appear.

For how should else things so far from attone,

And so great enemies as of them be,

Be ever drawn together into one,

And taught in such accordance to agree?

Through him the cold began to covet heat,

And water fire; the light to mount on high,

- And th'heavy down to peize; the hungry t'eat,
1830 And voidness to seek full satiety. 850
So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learn to love each other:
So, being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother.
Then first gan heaven out of darkness dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerful day:
Next gan the earth to show her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drowned alway.
And, shortly after, every living wight
1840 Crept forth like worms out of her slimy nature; 860
Soon as on them the sun's life-giving light
Had poured kindly heat and formal feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himself desire for to beget:
The lion chose his mate, the turtle-dove
Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet;
But man, that had the spark of reason's might
More than the rest to rule his passion,
Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
1850 Like as himself was fairest by creation. 870
For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure for to enlarge his kind;
Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind:
Against whose power, nor god nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound;
But, being hurt, seek to be medicined
Of her that first did stir that mortal stound.
Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
1860 With prayers loud importuning the sky, 880
Whence he them hears, and, when he list show grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
So Love is lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful saw:
All being made the vassals of his might,
Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw.

Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deem;
 And with chaste heart to honour him alway:
 But whoso else doth otherwise esteem,

1870 Are outlaws, and his lore do disobey. 890

For their desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of love, but of disloyal lust:
 Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as exiles out of his court be thrust.'

So having said, Melissa spake at will:
 'Colin, thou now full deeply hast divined
 Of love and beauty; and, with wondrous skill,
 Hast Cupid self depainted in his kind.

1880 To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
 That dost their cause so mightily defend: 900

But most, all women are thy debtors found,
 That dost their bounty still so much commend.'

'That ill' (said Hobbinol) 'they him requite,
 For having lovèd ever one most dear:
 He is repaid with scorn and foul despite,
 That irks each gentle heart which it doth hear.'

'Indeed' (said Lucid) 'I have often heard
 Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed
 For being to that swain too cruel hard,

1890 That her bright glory else hath much defamed. 910

But who can tell what cause hath that fair maid
 To use him so that usèd her so well;

Or who with blame can justly her upbraid
 For loving not? for who can love compel?

And, sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing,
 Rashly to witen creatures so divine;

For demigods they be and first did spring
 From heaven, though graffed in frailness feminine.

And well I wot, that oft I heard it spoken,

1900 How one, that fairest Helen did revile, 920

Through judgement of the gods to bene ywroken,
 Lost both his eyes and so remained long while,

Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,

And made amends to her with treble praise:

Beware therefore, ye grooms, I rede betimes,
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise.'

- 'Ah, shepherds,' (then said Colin) 'ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doom, with words unmeet,
1910 Of thing celestial which ye never saw. 930
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to myself the blame that looked so high:
So high her thoughts as she herself have place,
And loathe each lowly thing with lofty eye.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
1920 To simple swain, sith her I may not love: 940
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief
And long affliction which I have endured:
Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief,
And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow-shepherds, which do see
And hear the languors of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witness be,
1930 That hers I die, nought to the world denying, 950
This simple trophy of her great conquest.'

So, having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warned them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.



Astrophel
A Pastoral Elegy

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE
AND VALOROUS KNIGHT

Sir Philip Sidney

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
AND VIRTUOUS LADY

The Countess of Essex

A gentle shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Haemony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store.
1940 Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds' praise,
Young Astrophel, the rustic lasses' love:
Far passing all the pastors of his days,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove. 10
In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed;
1950 A slender swain, excelling far each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
 With gentle usage and demeanour mild: 20
 That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
 He stole away, and weetingly beguiled.
 Ne spite itself, that all good things doth spill,
 Found aught in him, that she could say was ill.

1960 His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
 Sweet without sour, and honey without gall:
 And he himself seemed made for merriment,
 Merrily masking both in bower and hall.
 There was no pleasure nor delightful play,
 When Astrophel soever was away. 30

For he could pipe and dance, and carol sweet,
 Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
 As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth coming from the east.

1970 And lays of love he also could compose;
 Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did choose.

Full many maidens often did him woo,
 Them to vouchsafe amongst his rhymes to name,
 Or make for them as he was wont to do
 For her that did his heart with love inflame. 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brook
 Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 1980 Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
 To hear the charms of his enchanting skill;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 Yet wood-gods for them often sighèd sore: 50
 Ne for their gifts unworthy of his wit,

Yet not unworthy of the country's store.
 For one alone he cared, for one he sighed,
 His life's desire, and his dear love's delight.

1990 Stella the fair, the fairest star in sky,
 As fair as Venus or the fairest fair,
 (A fairer star saw never living eye),
 Shot her sharp-pointed beams through purest air.
 Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
 His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were all upon her. 60

To her he vowed the service of his days,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit:
 For her he made hymns of immortal praise,
 Of only her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 2000 Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed;
 For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wooed,
 And verses vain, (yet verses are not vain,)
 But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,
 And bold achievements her did entertain. 70
 For both in deeds and words he nurt'ed was,
 Both wise and hardy (too hardy, alas!)

In wrestling nimble, and in running swift,
 In shooting steady, and in swimming strong:
 2010 Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.
 In every one he vanquished every one,
 He vanquished all, and vanquished was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicity,
 Or rather infelicity, he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where savage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so savage but he could it kill;
 No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

2020 Such skill, matched with such courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud desire of praise
To seek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His mistress' name, and his own fame to raise.
What needeth peril to be sought abroad,
Since round about us it doth make abode?

90

It fortunēd as he that perilous game
In foreign soil pursuēd far away,
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of savage prey.
2030 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous Ardeyn, nor foul Arlo, is.

There his well-woven toils and subtil trains,
He laid the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practice and with pains,
That he of them great troops did soon entrap. 100
Full happy man (misweening much) was he,
So rich a spoil within his power to see.

Eftsoons, all heedless of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the herd he thrust,
2040 To slaughter them, and work their final bale,
Lest that his toil should of their troops be brust.
Wide wounds amongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharp boar-spear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partial unto none): 110
Ill mind so much to mind another's ill,
As to become unmindful of his own.
But pardon that unto the cruel skies,
That from himself to them withdrew his eyes.

2050 So as he raged amongst that beastly rout,
A cruel beast of most accursēd brood
Upon him turned (despair makes cowards stout,)

And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launchèd his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles rivèd quite. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
And so huge streams of blood thereout did flow,
That he endured not the direful stound,
But on the cold dear earth himself did throw;
2060 The whiles the captive herd his nets did rend,
And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while, his shepherd peers,
To whom alive was nought so dear as he:
And ye, fair maids, the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boast you most to be? 130
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drearihead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end:
2070 Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitièd, unplained, of foe or friend:
Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds, suing of the chase,
As they the forest rangèd on a day, 140
By fate of fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckless boy yet bleeding lay;
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thither led.

2080 They stopped his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
And in their arms then softly did him rear:
Tho (as he willed) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear.
The dolefull'st beare that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto me! 150

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,
With cruddled blood and filthy gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned;
2090 Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away; 160
And her fair breast, the treasury of joy,
She spoiled thereof, and fillèd with annoy.

His pallid face, impicturèd with death,
She bathèd oft with tears, and drièd oft:
2100 And with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft:
And oft she called to him, who answered nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret,
And piteous moan, the which she for him made, 170
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

2110 Which when she saw, she stayèd not a whit,
But after him did make untimely haste:
Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,
And followèd her make like turtle chaste,
To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
Which living were in love so firmly tied. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
Transformèd them, there lying on the field,

Into one flower that is both red and blue;
2120 It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
As fairly formed as any star in skies;
Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes: 190
And all the day it standeth full of dew,
Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is called by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well:
2130 But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
From this day forth do call it Astrophel:
And whensoever thou it up dost take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake.

Hereof when tidings far abroad did pass,
The shepherds all which lovèd him full dear, 200
And sure full dear of all he lovèd was,
Did thither flock to see what they did hear.
And when that piteous spectacle they viewed,
The same with bitter tears they all bedewed.

2140 And every one did make exceeding moan,
With inward anguish and great grief oppressed:
And every one did weep and wail, and moan,
And means devised to show his sorrow best.
That from that hour, since first on grassy green
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen. 210

But first his sister that Clorinda hight,
The gentlest shepherdess that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and sprite
Her brother dear, began this doleful lay.
2150 Which, lest I mar the sweetness of the verse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse.

FROM
Amoretti

V

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride:
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is of the world unworthy most envide:
For in those lofty looks is close implied
Scorn of base things, and sdeign of foul dishonour:
Threat'ning rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
2160 Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour,
That bold'ned innocence bears in her eyes; 10
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI

Be nought dismayed that her unmov'd mind
Doth still persist in her rebellious pride:
Such love, not like to lusts of baser kind,
The harder won, the firmer will abide.
2170 The dureful oak, whose sap is not yet dried,
Is long ere it conceive the kindling fire;
But, when it once doth burn, it doth divide
Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
So hard it is to kindle new desire
In gentle breast, that shall endure for ever: 10
Deep is the wound, that dints the parts entire
With chaste affects that nought but death can sever;
Then think not long in taking little pain
To knit the knot, that ever shall remain.

VII

- 2180 Fair eyes, the mirror of my mazēd heart,
 What wondrous virtue is contained in you,
 The which both life and death forth from you dart,
 Into the object of your mighty view?
 For when ye mildly look with lovely hue,
 Then is my soul with life and love inspired:
 But when ye lour, or look on me askew,
 Then do I die, as one with lightning fired.
 But, since that life is more than death desired,
 Look ever lovely, as becomes you best; 10
- 2190 That your bright beams, of my weak eyes admired,
 May kindle living fire within my breast.
 Such life should be the honour of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

IX

- Long-while I sought to what I might compare
 Those powerful eyes, which lighten my dark sprite;
 Yet find I nought on earth to which I dare
 Resemble th' image of their goodly light.
 Not to the sun: for they do shine by night;
 Nor to the moon: for they are changēd never;
 2200 Nor to the stars: for they have purer sight;
 Nor to the fire: for they consume not ever;
 Nor to the lightning: for they still persevere;
 Nor to the diamond: for they are more tender; 10
 Nor unto crystal: for nought may them sever;
 Nor unto glass: such baseness mought offend her.
 Then to the Maker self they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X

- Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be?
 2210 The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss,
 Of her free will, scorning both thee and me.

See! how the tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massàcres which her eyes do make;
 And humbled hearts brings captives unto thee,
 That thou of them may'st mighty vengeance take.
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth comptrol 10
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol:
 2220 That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

XII

One day I sought with her heart-thrilling eyes
 To make a truce, and terms to entertain:
 All fearless then of so false enemies,
 Which sought me to cntrap in treason's train.
 So, as I then disarmèd did remain,
 A wicked ambush which lay hidden long
 In the close covert of her guileful eyen,
 Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
 2230 Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
 Was forced to yield myself into their hands; 10
 Who, me captiving strait with rigorous wrong,
 Have ever since me kept in cruel bands.
 So, lady, now to you I do complain,
 Against your eyes, that justice I may gain.

XV

Ye tradeful merchants, that with weary toil
 Do seek most precious things to make your gain;
 And both the Indias of their treasures spoil;
 What needeth you to seek so far in vain?
 2240 For lo, my love doth in herself contain
 All this world's riches that may far be found:
 If sapphires, lo, her eyes be sapphires plain;
 If rubies, lo, her lips be rubies sound;
 If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and round;

If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
 If silver, her fair hands are silver shene:
 But that which fairest is, but few behold,
 Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.

10

XVI

2250 One day as I unwarily did gaze
 On those fair eyes, my love's immortal light;
 The whiles my stonished heart stood in amaze,
 Through sweet illusion of her looks' delight;
 I mote perceive how, in her glancing sight,
 Legions of loves with little wings did fly;
 Darting their deadly arrows, fiery bright,
 At every rash beholder passing by.
 One of those archers closely I did spy,
 Aiming his arrow at my very heart:
 2260 When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
 The damsel broke his misintended dart.
 Had she not so done, sure I had been slain;
 Yet as it was, I hardly scaped with pain.

10

XVIII

The rolling wheel that runneth often round,
 The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear:
 And drizzling drops that often do redound,
 The firmest flint doth in continuance wear.
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping tear
 And long entreaty, soften her hard heart:
 2270 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
 Or look with pity on my painful smart;
 But when I plead, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she says, Tears are but water,
 And when I sigh, she says, I know the art;
 And when I wail, she turns herself to laughter.
 So do I weep, and wail, and plead in vain,
 While she as steel and flint doth still remain.

10

XIX

The merry cuckoo, messenger of spring,
 His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded,
 2280 That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
 Who now is coming forth with girlond crownēd.
 With noise whereof, the quire of birds resounded
 Their anthems sweet, devisēd of Love's praise,
 That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,
 As if they knew the meaning of their lays.
 But mongst them all, which did Love's honour raise,
 No word was heard of her that most it ought; 10
 But she his precept proudly disobeys,
 And doth his idle message set at nought.
 2290 Therefore, O Love, unless she turn to thee
 Ere cuckoo end, let her a rebel be!

XXIII

Penelope, for her Ulysses' sake,
 Devised a web her wooers to deceive;
 In which the work that she all day did make,
 The same at night she did again unreave:
 Such subtil craft my damsel doth conceive,
 Th'importune suit of my desire to shun:
 For all that I in many days do weave,
 In one short hour I find by her undone.
 2300 So, when I think to end that I begun,
 I must begin and never bring to end: 10
 For with one look she spills that long I spun;
 And with one word my whole year's work doth rend.
 Such labour like the spider's web I find,
 Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

XXVI

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
 Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
 Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branch is rough;

- 2310 Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
 Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough:
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with sour is temp'red still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more: 10
 For easy things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men do set but little store.
 Why then should I account of little pain,
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

XXX

- 2320 My love is like to ice, and I to fire;
 How comes it then that this her cold so great
 Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
 But harder grows the more I her entreat?
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
 Is not delayed by her heart-frozen cold;
 But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
 And feel my flames augmented manifold?
 What more miraculous thing may be told,
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice; 10
 2330 And ice, which is congealed with senseless cold,
 Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
 Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

XXXI

- Ah! why hath Nature to so hard a heart
 Given so goodly gifts of beauty's grace?
 Whose pride depraves each other better part,
 And all those precious ornaments deface.
 Sith to all other beasts of bloody race
 A dreadful countenance she given hath;
 2340 That with their terror all the rest may chase,
 And warn to shun the danger of their wrath.
 But my proud one doth work the greater scath,

Through sweet allurement of her lovely hue;
 That she the better may in bloody bath
 Of such poor thralls her cruel hands imbrue.

But, did she know how ill these two accord,
 Such cruelty she would have soon abhorred.

XXXII

The painful smith, with force of fervent heat,
 The hardest iron soon doth mollify;

2350 That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
 And fashion to what he it list apply.

Yet cannot all these flames, in which I fry,
 Her heart more hard than iron soft a whit:
 Ne all the plaints and prayers, with which I
 Do beat on th'anvil of her stubborn wit.

But still the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she freezeth in her wilful pride;

And harder grows the harder she is smit,
 With all the plaints which to her be applied.

2360 What then remains but I to ashes burn,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turn?

XXXIII

Great wrong I do, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred Empress, my dear dread,
 Not finishing her Queen of Faery,
 That mote enlarge her living praises, dead.

But Lodwick, this of grace to me arede:

Do ye not think th'accomplishment of it
 Sufficient work for one man's simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ?

2370 How then should I, without another wit,
 Think ever to endure so tedious toil?

Since that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud love, that doth my spirit spoil.

Cease then, till she vouchsafe to grant me rest
 Or lend you me another living breast.

XXXIV

- Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide,
 By conduct of some star, doth make her way,
 Whenas a storm hath dimmed her trusty guide,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray:
 2380 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with clouds is overcast,
 Do wander now, in darkness and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me placed;
 Yet hope I well that, when this storm is past,
 My Helice, the lodestar of my life, 10
 Will shine again, and look on me at last,
 With lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander, careful, comfortless,
 In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

XXXVIII

- 2390 Arion, when through tempests' cruel wrack,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas;
 Through the sweet music which his harp did make
 Allured a dolphin him from death to ease.
 But my rude music, which was wont to please
 Some dainty ears, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadful tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the dolphin from her stubborn will,
 But in her pride she doth persèver still,
 All careless how my life for her decays: 10
 2400 Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
 To spill were pity, but to save were praise!
 Choose rather to be praised for doing good,
 Than to be blamed for spilling guiltless blood.

XLIII

Shall I then silent be, or shall I speak?
 And if I speak, her wrath renew I shall;
 And if I silent be, my heart will break,
 Or chokèd be with overflowing gall.

What tyranny is this, both my heart to thrall,
 And eke my tongue with proud restraint to tie?
 2410 That neither I may speak nor think at all,
 But like a stupid stock in silence die.
 Yet I my heart with silence secretly
 Will teach to speak, and my just cause to plead; 10
 And eke mine eyes, with meek humility,
 Love-learned letters to her eyes to read;
 Which her deep wit, that true heart's thought can
 spell,
 Will soon conceive, and learn to construe well.

XLIV

When those renown'd noble peers of Greece,
 Through stubborn pride, amongst themselves did jar,
 2420 Forgetful of the famous golden fleece;
 Then Orpheus with his harp their strife did bar.
 But this continual cruel civil war,
 The which my self against my self do make;
 Whilst my weak powers of passions warreyed are;
 No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
 But, when in hand my tuneless harp I take,
 Then do I more augment my foes' despite; 10
 And grief renew, and passions do awake
 To battle fresh against my self to fight.
 2430 Mongst whom the more I seek to settle peace,
 The more I find their malice to increase.

XLIX

Fair cruel, why are ye so fierce and cruel?
 Is it because your eyes have power to kill?
 Then know that mercy is the mighty's jewel,
 And greater glory think to save, than spill.
 But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
 To shew the power of your imperious eyes;
 Then not on him that never thought you ill,
 But bend your force against your enemies.

- 2440 Let them feel the utmost of your cruelties,
 And kill with looks, as cockatrices do: 10
 But him, that at your foot-stool humbled lies,
 With merciful regard give mercy to.
 Such mercy shall you make admired to be;
 So shall you live, by giving life to me.

LIII

- The panther, knowing that his spotted hide
 Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray;
 Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,
 To let them gaze, whilst he on them may prey:
 2450 Right so my cruel fair with me doth play:
 For, with the goodly semblant of her hue,
 She doth allure me to mine own decay,
 And then no mercy will unto me shew.
 Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
 Made for to be the world's most ornament, 10
 To make the bait her gazers to imbrue;
 Good shames to be to ill an instrument.
 But mercy doth with beauty best agree,
 As in their Maker ye them best may see.

LV

- 2460 So oft as I her beauty do behold,
 And therewith do her cruelty compare,
 I marvel of what substance was the mould,
 The which her made attonce so cruel fair.
 Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are:
 Not water; for her love doth burn like fire:
 Not air; for she is not so light or rare:
 Not fire; for she doth freeze with faint desire.
 Then needs another element inquire
 Whereof she mote be made; that is, the sky. 10
 2470 For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire:
 And eke her mind is pure immortal high.
 Then, sith to heaven ye likened are the best,
 Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI

Fair ye be sure, but cruel and unkind,
 As is a tiger, that with greediness
 Hunts after blood; when he by chance doth find
 A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress.
 Fair be ye sure, but proud and pitiless,
 As is a storm, that all things doth prostrate;
 2480 Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
 As is a rock amidst the raging floods: 10
 Gainst which a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of herself and goods.
 That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
 Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and destroy.

LX

They, that in course of heavenly spheres are skilled,
 To every planet point his sundry year:
 2490 In which her circle's voyage is fulfilled,
 As Mars in three score years doth run his sphere.
 So, since the winged god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent:
 The which doth longer unto me appear
 Than all those forty which my life outwent.
 Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
 The sphere of Cupid forty years contains: 10
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,
 That seemed the longer for my greater pains.
 2500 But let my love's fair planet short her ways,
 This year ensuing, or else short my days.

LXII

The weary year his race now having run,
 The new begins his compassed course anew:
 With shew of morning mild he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensue.

So let us, which this change of weather view,
 Change eke our minds, and former lives amend;
 The old year's sins forepast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.

2510 Then shall the new year's joy forth freshly send
 Into the glooming world his gladsome ray: 10
 And all these storms, which now his beauty blend,
 Shall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
 So likewise, love, cheer you your heavy sprite,
 And change old year's annoy to new delight.

LXIV

Coming to kiss her lips, (such grace I found),
 Meseemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.

2520 Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy cheeks like unto roses red;
 Her snowy brows like budded bellamoures;
 Her lovely eyes like pinks but newly spread;
 Her goodly bosom like a strawberry bed;
 Her neck like to a bunch of columbines; 10
 Her breast like lilies, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples like young blossomed jessamines:
 Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

LXVII

2530 Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey:
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,
 The gentle deer returned the selfsame way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook:
 There she, beholding me with milder look,

Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide;
 2540 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
 And with her own good-will her firmly tied.
 Strange thing, meseemed, to see a beast so wild,
 So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

LXVIII

Most glorious Lord of life, that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin;
 And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win:
 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
 2550 Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity.
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again;
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain!
 So let us love, dear love, like as we ought:
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

LXIX

The famous warriors of the antique world
 Used trophies to erect in stately wise;
 2560 In which they would the records have enrolled
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
 What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorned with honour, love, and chastity!
 Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment;
 2570 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

LXX

Fresh spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bower not well awake;
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,
 Unless she do him by the forelock take;
 2580 Bid her therefore herself soon ready make,
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew; 10
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime,
 For none can call again the passèd time.

LXXI

I joy to see how, in your drawn work,
 Yourself unto the bee ye do compare;
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await to catch her unaware:
 2590 Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrallèd to his love;
 In whose strait bands ye now captivèd are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove.
 But as your work is woven all above
 With woodbind flowers and fragrant eglantine, 10
 So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many dear delights bedeckèd fine.
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

LXXII

2600 Oft, when my spirit doth spread her bolder wings,
 In mind to mount up to the purest sky;
 It down is weighed with thought of earthly things,
 And clogged with burden of mortality;

Where, when that sovereign beauty it doth spy,
 Resembling heaven's glory in her light,
 Drawn with sweet pleasure's bait, it back doth fly,
 And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
 There my frail fancy, fed with full delight,
 Doth bathe in bliss, and mantleth most at ease; 10
 2610 Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
 Her heart's desire with most contentment please.
 Heart need not wish none other happiness,
 But here on earth to have such heaven's bliss.

LXXV

One day I wrote her name upon the strand;
 But came the waves, and wash'd it away:
 Again I wrote it with a second hand;
 But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
 Vain man, said she, that dost in vain assay
 A mortal thing so to immortalize;
 2620 For I myself shall like to this decay,
 And eke my name be wip'd out likewise.
 Not so, quoth I; let baser things devise
 To die in dust, but you shall live by fame: 10
 My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
 And in the heavens write your glorious name.
 Where, whenas death shall all the world subdue,
 Our love shall live, and later life renew.

LXXVII

Was it a dream, or did I see it plain?
 A goodly table of pure ivory,
 2630 All spread with juncats, fit to entertain
 The greatest prince with pompous royalty:
 Mongst which, there in a silver dish did lie
 Two golden apples of unvalued price;
 Far passing those which Hercules came by,
 Or those which Atalanta did entice.
 Exceeding sweet, yet void of sinful vice;

That many sought, yet none could ever taste; 10
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradise
 By Love himself, and in his garden placed.

2640 Her breast that table was, so richly spread;
 My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have
 fed.

LXXVIII

Lacking my love, I go from place to place,
 Like a young fawn, that late hath lost the hind;
 And seek each where, where last I saw her face,
 Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.

I seek the fields with her late footing signed;
 I seek her bower with her late presence decked,
 Yet nor in field nor bower I her can find;
 Yet field and bower are full of her aspect:

2650 But, when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
 They idly back return to me again: 10
 And when I hope to see their true object,
 I find myself but fed with fancies vain.

Cease then, mine eyes, to seek herself to see;
 And let my thoughts behold herself in me.

LXXX

After so long a race as I have run
 Through faery land, which those six books compile,
 Give leave to rest me being half fordone,
 And gather to myself new breath awhile.

2660 Then, as a steed refresh'd after toil,
 Out of my prison I will break anew;
 And stoutly will that second work assoil,
 With strong endeavour and attention due.
 Till then give leave to me, in pleasant mew
 To sport my Muse, and sing my love's sweet praise; 10
 The contemplation of whose heavenly hue,
 My spirit to an higher pitch will raise.

But let her praises yet be low and mean,
 Fit for the handmaid of the Faery Queen.

LXXXI

- 2670 Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
 Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears,
 Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
 Fair, when her breast, like a rich-laden bark,
 With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;
 Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
 Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fairest she, whenso she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight, 10
 2680 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
 The rest be works of nature's wonderment:
 But this the work of heart's astonishment.

LXXXVII

- Since I did leave the presence of my love,
 Many long weary days I have outworn;
 And many nights, that slowly seemed to move
 Their sad protract from evening until morn.
 For, whenas day the heaven doth adorn,
 I wish that night the noyous day would end:
 2690 And, whenas night hath us of light forlorn,
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And feign my grief with changes to beguile, 10
 That further seems his term still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a mile.
 So sorrow still doth seem too long to last;
 But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

LXXXIX

- Like as the culver, on the barèd bough,
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate;
 2700 And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
 For his return that seems to linger late:

So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And, wand'ring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of aught that under heaven doth hove
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight: 10
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.

2710 Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
 And dead my life that wants such lively bliss.

Epithalamion

- Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
But joyed in their praise;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
2720 Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your doleful dreariment.
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside;
And having all your heads with garland crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide:
So Orpheus did for his own bride;
So I unto myself alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer and my echo ring.
- 2
- 2730 Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread, 20
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake; and with fresh lustihead
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle-dove,
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his masque to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
2740 In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight, 30
For lo! the wished day is come at last,

That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight:
 And whilst she doth her dight,
 Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

3

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
 Both of the rivers and the forests green,
 2750 And of the sea that neighbours to her near:
 All with gay girlands goodly well beseen. 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland
 For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
 Bound true-love wise with a blue silk riband.
 And let them make great store of bridal posies,
 And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridal bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 2760 For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50
 And diap'ed like the discoloured mead.
 Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

4

Ye nymphs of Mulla, which with careful heed
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed
 2770 (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel);
 And ye likewise, which keep the rushy lake, 60
 Where none do fishes take:
 Bind up the locks the which hang scattered light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the crystal bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,
 No blemish she may spy.
 And eke, ye lightfoot maids, which keep the deer,

That on the hoary mountain use to tower;
 2780 And the wild wolves, which seek them to devour,
 With your steel darts do chase from coming near; 70
 Be also present here,
 To help to deck her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

5

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithone's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious head.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
 2790 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft; 80
 The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays,
 The ouzel shrills, the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T'await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 2800 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, 90
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

6

My love is now awake out of her dreams,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimm'd were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
 Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight:
 But first come, ye fair hours, which were begot
 2810 In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
 Which do the seasons of the year allot, 100
 And all, that ever in this world is fair,
 Do make and still repair:
 And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,

The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 2820 The whiles the woods shall answer and your echo ring.

7

Now is my love all ready forth to come: 110
 Let all the virgins therefore well await:
 And ye fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
 Set all your things in seemly good array,
 Fit for so joyful day:
 The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
 Fair sun! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy life full heat not fervent be,
 2830 For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace. 120
 O fairest Phoebus, father of the Muse,
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse;
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

8

2840 Hark, how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry music that resounds from far, 130
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,
 That well agree withouten breach or jar.
 But most of all the damsels do delight
 When they their timbrels smite,
 And thereunto do dance and carol sweet,
 That all the senses they do ravish quite;
 The whiles the boys run up and down the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confus'd noise,
 2850 As if it were one voice,

Hymen, iö Hymen, Hymen, they do shout; 140
 That even to the heavens their shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
 To which the people standing all about,
 As in approvance, do thereto applaud,
 And loud advance her laud;
 And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
 That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

9

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
 2860 Like Phoebe from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race, 150
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire;
 And, being crownèd with a girland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 2870 Her modest eyes, abashèd to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
 Upon the lowly ground affixèd are;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

10

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before?
 2880 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store; 170
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath ruddied,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,

Her paps like lilies budded,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower;
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 2890 Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
 To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower. 180
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer and your echo ring?

||

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 2900 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mazeful head. 190
 There dwells sweet love, and constant chastity,
 Unspotted faith, and comely womanhead,
 Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
 There virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will;
 Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
 2910 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures, 200
 And unreveal'd pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her praises sing,
 That all the woods should answer and your echo ring.

12

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 2920 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
 She cometh in, before th'Almighty's view;

Of her ye virgins learn obedience,
 Whenso ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces;
 Bring her up to th'high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 2930 The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
 The whiles, with hollow throats, 220
 The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer and their echo ring.

13

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
 Like crimson dyed in grain:
 2940 That even th'angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain, 230
 Forget their service and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are govern'd with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 2950 The pledge of all our band?
 Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluia sing, 240
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

14

Now all is done: bring home the bride again;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory:
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss.

Make feast therefore now all this livelong day;
 2960 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay, 250
 Pour not by cups, but by the bellyful,
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine;
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best:
 2970 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer and their echo ring. 260

15

Ring ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
 And leave your wonted labours for this day:
 This day is holy; do ye write it down,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the sun is in his chieftest height,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 2980 When once the Crab behind his back he sees. 270
 But for this time it ill ordain'd was,
 To choose the longest day in all the year,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter were:
 Yet never day so long, but late would pass.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
 And bonfires make all day;
 And dance about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer and your echo ring.

16

Ah, when will this long weary day have end,
 2990 And lend me leave to come unto my love?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers spend! 280
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move!
 Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home,
 Within the western foam:

Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
 And the bright evening star with golden crest
 Appear out of the east.

Fair child of beauty! glorious lamp of love!

3000 That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
 And guidest lovers through the night's dread, 290
 How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring!

17

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast;

Enough is it that all the day was yours:

Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,

3010 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.
 The night is come, now soon her disarray, 300
 And in her bed her lay;

Lay her in lilies and in violets,

And silken curtains over her display,

And odoured sheets, and arras coverlets.

Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,

In proud humility!

Like unto Maia, whenas Jove her took

In Tempe, lying on the flow'ry grass,

3020 Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook. 310

Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,

And leave my love alone,

And leave likewise your former lay to sing:

The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

18

Now welcome, night! thou night so long expected,

That long day's labour dost at last defray,

And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,

Hast summed in one, and cancell'd for aye:

3030 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,

That no man may us see; 320
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From fear of peril and foul horror free.
 Let no false treason seek us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
 The safety of our joy;
 But let the night be calm and quiet some,
 Without tempestuous storms or sad affray:
 Like as when Jove with fair Alcmena lay,
 3040 When he begot the great Tirynthian groom:
 Or like as when he with thyself did lie 330
 And begot Majesty.
 And let the maids and young men cease to sing,
 Ne let the woods them answer nor their echo ring.

19

Let no lamenting cries, nor doleful tears,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
 Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.
 Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
 3050 Make sudden sad affrights;
 Ne let house-fires, nor lightning's helpless harms, 340
 Ne let the Pouke, nor other evil sprites,
 Ne let mischievous witches with their charms,
 Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not:
 Let not the screech-owl nor the stork be heard,
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yells;
 Nor damned ghosts, called up with mighty spells,
 Nor grisly vultures, make us once afeard:
 3060 Ne let th'unpleasant quire of frogs still croaking
 Make us to wish their choking. 350
 Let none of these their dreary accents sing;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor their echo ring.

But let still silence true night-watches keep,
 That sacred peace may in assurance reign,
 And timely sleep, when it is time to sleep,
 May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plain;
 The whiles an hundred little wing'd loves,
 Like divers feathered doves,
 3070 Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
 And in the secret dark, that none reproves, 360
 Their pretty stealths shall work, and snares shall spread
 To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
 Concealed through covert night.
 Ye sons of Venus, play your sports at will!
 For greedy pleasure, careless of your toys,
 Thinks more upon her paradise of joys,
 Than what ye do, albeit good or ill.
 All night therefore attend your merry play,
 3080 For it will soon be day:
 Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing; 370
 Ne will the woods now answer nor your echo ring.

21

Who is the same, which at my window peeps?
 Or whose is that fair face that shines so bright?
 Is it not Cynthia, she that never sleeps,
 But walks about high heaven all the night?
 O fairest goddess, do thou not envÿ
 My love with me to spy:
 For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
 3090 And for a fleece of wool, which privily
 The Latmian shepherd once unto thee brought, 380
 His pleasures with thee wrought.
 Therefore to us be favourable now;
 And sith of women's labours thou hast charge,
 And generation goodly dost enlarge,
 Incline thy will t'effect our wishful vow,
 And the chaste womb inform with timely seed,
 That may our comfort breed:
 Till which we cease our hopeful hap to sing;
 3100 Ne let the woods us answer nor our echo ring.

And thou, great Juno! which with awful might 390
 The laws of wedlock still dost patronize;
 And the religion of the faith first plight
 With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize;
 And eke for comfort often callèd art
 Of women in their smart;
 Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
 And all thy blessings unto us impart.
 And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand
 3110 The bridal bower and genial bed remain,
 Without blemish or stain: 400
 And the sweet pleasures of their love's delight
 With secret aid dost succour and supply,
 Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny;
 Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
 And thou, fair Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
 Grant that it may so be.
 Till which we cease your further praise to sing;
 Ne any woods shall answer nor your echo ring.

23

3120 And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
 In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
 Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods
 In dreadful darkness lend desired light;
 And all ye powers which in the same remain,
 More than we men can feign,
 Pour out your blessing on us plenteously,
 And happy influence upon us rain,
 That we may raise a large posterity,
 Which from the earth, which they may long possess,
 3130 With lasting happiness,
 Up to your haughty palaces may mount; 420
 And, for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our timely joys to sing;
 The woods no more us answer, nor our echo ring!

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been decked,
3140 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your due time to expect, 430
But promised both to recompense;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endless monument.

Prothalamion

1

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
When I (whom sullen care,
3150 Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In Prince's court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away,
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain),
Walked forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames; -
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
3160 And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

2

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,
A flock of nymphs I chanc'd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied,
As each had been a bride;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs entrail'd curiously,
3170 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropped full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,
They gathered some: the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy, that at evening closes,

The virgin lily, and the primrose true,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegrooms' posies
 Against the bridal day, which was not long:
 3180 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

3

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
 Come softly swimming down along the Lee;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew, 40
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be,
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near;
 3190 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seemed foul to them, and bade his billows spare
 To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
 Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair, 50
 And mar their beauties bright,
 That shone as heaven's light,
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

4

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
 3200 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the crystal flood;
 Whom when they saw, they stood amaz'd still,
 Their wond'ring eyes to fill;
 Them seemed they never saw a sight so fair, 60
 Of fowls so lovely, that they sure did deem
 Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair
 Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team;
 For sure they did not seem
 To be begot of any earthly seed,
 3210 But rather angels, or of angels' breed;
 Yet were they bred of summer's-heat, they say,

In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
 The earth did fresh array;
 So fresh they seemed as day,
 Even as their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

70

5

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
 3220 All which upon those goodly birds they threw
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus' waters they did seem, -
 When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore,
 Scatt' red with flowers, through Thessaly they stream, 80
 That they appear through lilies' plenteous store,
 Like a bride's chamber floor.
 Two of those nymphs, meanwhile, two garlands bound
 Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array,
 3230 Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepared against that day,
 Against their bridal day, which was not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. 90

6

'Ye gentle birds! the world's fair ornament,
 And heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
 Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
 Of your love's couplement;
 3240 And let fair Venus, that is Queen of Love,
 With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
 All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
 For ever to assoil.
 Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And bless'd plenty wait upon your board:
 And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,

100

That fruitful issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound,
 3250 And make your joys redound
 Upon your bridal day, which is not long.
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her under-song, 110
 Which said their bridal day should not be long:
 And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous birds did pass along,
 Adown the Lee, that to them murmured low,
 3260 As he would speak, but that he lacked a tongue,
 Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
 Making his stream run slow.
 And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twain, that did excel 120
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser stars. So they, enrang'd well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long:
 3270 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

8

At length they all to merry London came,
 To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native source,
 Though from another place I take my name, 130
 An house of ancient fame:
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towers
 The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
 There whilom wont the Templar Knights to bide,
 3280 Till they decayed through pride:
 Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
 Where oft I gain'd gifts and goodly grace
 Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,

Whose want too well now feels my friendless case: 140
 But ah! here fits not well
 Old woes, but joys, to tell
 Against the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

a

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
 3290 Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
 And Hercules' two pillars standing near
 Did make to quake and fear:
 Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry! 150
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
 And endless happiness of thine own name
 That promiseth the same;
 That through thy prowess, and victorious arms,
 3300 Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
 And great Elisa's glorious name may ring
 Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms,
 Which some brave Muse may sing
 To ages following, 160
 Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
 Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

/ o

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
 Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
 In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
 3310 Descended to the river's open viewing,
 With a great train ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to be seen
 Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
 Beseeming well the bower of any queen, 170
 With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
 Fit for so goodly stature,
 That like the twins of Jove they seemed in sight,
 Which deck the baldrick of the heavens bright;
 They two, forth pacing to the river's side,

3320 Received those two fair brides, their love's delight;
Which, at th'appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song. 180

Notes

THE SHEPHERDS' CALENDAR

General

The *Shepherds' Calendar* is a blueprint—or, if that is too bleak a word, an illustrated catalogue—of the new English poetry. It is one of those poems whose historical importance possibly outweighs its intrinsic value, considerable though that is; and so it is worth seeing, briefly, what the historical importance is. It was published, anonymously, in 1579, dedicated 'to the noble and virtuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney', and it bore an introduction, 'gloss' and critical apparatus by a certain 'E.K.', who has never been surely identified but may be Edward Kirke, a Cambridge friend of the poet. It has been argued (notably by Professor Edwin Greenlaw) that the immediate impact of the poem on the small reading public of the day was comparatively slight—comparatively, that is, with such contemporary works as Lyly's *Euphues*, which enjoyed an enormous and instantaneous success; and indeed there are not many critical references to it before the publication of *The Fairy Queen* in 1590 brought real fame to Spenser. All the five editions of the Calendar published in Spenser's lifetime were anonymous, though his authorship of it was pretty generally known in his later years; but it is certainly untrue to say, as many critics have done, that with its publication Spenser became 'famous overnight': the anonymity, whatever the reasons for it—whether, as Greenlaw suggests, because it was a politically dangerous poem, full of satire which could have led to reprisals on the author if he were known; or whether it derives from the dilettante attitude common at the time, when writing was not highly thought of as a profession, and the serious courtier would disclaim his 'trifles'—whatever the reasons it was fairly closely guarded outside Spenser's immediate circle. Yet it can be said that even if Spenser himself did not become famous straight

away, the poem very rapidly began to exert a wide and almost incalculable influence; not so much, perhaps, among the already established writers, but among the younger poets—the men who had been struggling through a fog of metrical and linguistic uncertainty, and suddenly saw the sun break through.

To appreciate the importance of the *Shepherds' Calendar* we must try to realize the state of English poetry in 1579, particularly as compared with the literatures of France and Italy. In 1575 George Gascoigne wrote, for Signor Edouardo Donati, 'Certain Notes of Instruction concerning the Making of Verse or Rhyme in England'. He, admittedly, was not attempting a survey of the state of English poetry at the time, but the Italian can have been left in little doubt about it: only 'rhymes' were being written in England—'for', said Gascoigne, 'I dare not call them English verses'; and if Donati had followed Gascoigne's somewhat naive instructions—to ground his verse upon some fine invention, 'to maintain his just measure', to observe English syllabic rules ('not taking any of the liberties of our Father Chaucer'), to avoid obsolete and strange words, and so on, he would probably have found himself writing 'rhymes' as good as most that had been written in England during the last thirty years—since, in fact, the brief flowering under Henry VIII of Wyatt and Surrey, and Skelton before them. Even so, he would probably have shrugged his shoulders, decided that English was not the language of poetry, and gone back to his Ariosto and Tasso. Similarly Sidney, in his *Apology for Poetry* (written about 1580), while giving qualified praise to the newly-published *Shepherds' Calendar* and one or two other works, lamented that England should have become 'so hard a stepmother to poets', and that the bulk of modern poetry was 'a confused mass of words, with a tingling sound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reason'. So much great poetry has been written in English since then that the situation is not easy to grasp: we have grown up in the conviction that ours is a supremely poetical language; but, as Professor Renwick points out, 'for the purposes of great poetry English was practically a new language: it had to be made . . . made by a poet and not by grammarians'. The Renaissance—the cultural and intellectual revival which had begun in Italy in the fourteenth century—had enriched Italian literature at the hands of Petrarch, Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso and others; and in France, following the lead of

Italy, Ronsard, du Bellay and the rest of the little group of writers who called themselves the Pléiade, had set out to lift French literature to a similar eminence, and (in the words of du Bellay's inspiring manifesto of 1549) 'to raise their own language from its humble condition to the summits of lyrical and epic glory'. But this aspect of the Renaissance seemed to have passed England by. True, there was, by the 1570s, this feeling of dissatisfaction with English poetry, and men such as Spenser himself, his friend Gabriel Harvey, and Sidney argued zealously how reform might be achieved, dabbling in barren experiments with classical prosody and metrical exercises: but when, at the end of the decade, Spenser, solemnly aware of the grave nature of his task, published the *Calendar*, he chose to follow his own bent and ignore Harvey and Sidney.

This leads to the important difference between Spenser's methods and those of the Pléiade: du Bellay preferred to virtually ignore the whole of previous French poetry and to take his inspiration direct from the ancients; Spenser, too, had a great admiration and reverence for the ancients (his choice of the pastoral eclogue form for this most important poem shows that, and it is full of general and particular echoes of Virgil, Lucretius, Theocritus and others); but it was Colin Clout's shepherd-god Tityrus, here representing Chaucer, who (in Colin's words in the 'June' eclogue)

'taught me homely, as I can, to make'.

'I love Rome,' wrote Spenser's old schoolmaster Mulcaster, 'but London better, I favour Italy, but England more, I honour the Latin, but I worship the English'—and the master's words find an echo in the pupil's work. One of Spenser's most bold and striking innovations was his insistence that English, including forms of English which had passed out of general use, was a language in which great poetry might be written; and in order to gain the maximum of poetic richness he did not hesitate to revive old forms, use dialect, coin words or make new compounds, change existing ones by the addition of suffix or prefix, or use words in a special sense. It has been remarked that Spenser 'wrote against a babel of conflicting theories of poetry, diction and metre'; but all the time he felt the need to beautify and enrich the language of English poetry; and his success was undoubted.

The theories advanced and illustrated in the *Shepherds' Calendar* were continued in *The Fairy Queen*, and that great poem became, in the words of one commentator, a kind of 'storehouse of poetical word and phrase, from which poets have helped themselves ever since'.

The experimental nature of the poem can be seen from the fact that, of the words in the glossary to this volume, the great majority come from the *Calendar*, most of them being archaic forms. But one must be careful when discussing Spenser's archaism: the extent of it is difficult to gauge, because our records of Elizabethan literature are necessarily incomplete. 'E.K.' provided, as has been said, a 'gloss' in which he gave definitions (not always accurate) of those words—'old words, and harder phrases'—which he felt would be unfamiliar; but many of Spenser's archaic words derive from his reading in earlier English literature, and many of his own readers may have had as wide a knowledge as he of earlier forms. Again, many of the words we think of as archaic in Spenser were doubtless in everyday spoken use, though they had been neglected for some time in literature; while often we will find parallels to Spenser's usages in Shakespeare and the other Elizabethan dramatists. Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the *Shepherds' Calendar* is a deliberately and consciously archaizing poem, though the extent of the archaism can easily be exaggerated; and it admits obsolete and dialect words partly because the theory of the day held that this was proper to the pastoral convention—Virgil, for example, had written in a 'lower', more rustic style in his pastoral poems than in his epic, and it was right to follow precedent.

Over all the language lies, however vaguely, the influence of Chaucer, 'the well of English undefiled'; or, to be more accurate, Chaucer as he was read by the sixteenth century, in the largely corrupt and metrically chaotic texts of editions which included much that was the work, not of Chaucer at all, but of later imitators. The nature of the influence was well expressed by 'E.K.' when, in introducing the work of the new poet, he said, 'whenas this our poet hath been much travailed and thoroughly read, how could it be . . . but that walking in the sun, although for other cause he walked, yet needs he mought be sunburnt; and having the sound of those ancient poets still ringing in his ears, he mought needs, in singing, hit out some of their tunes'.

Spenser's sources and models for the *Shepherds' Calendar* need not greatly concern us. The pastoral eclogue was a recognized literary 'kind', with a recognized set of conventions, traced at least as far back as Theocritus (280 B.C.) and Virgil. More important as a model, probably, is the Italian Baptista Mantuanus, or 'Mantuan' (1448-1516); and the more recent French pastoral writers such as Clément Marot (1496-1544), to whom Spenser is particularly indebted in the November eclogue, also exercised their influence. The idea of arranging twelve eclogues into a 'Calendar', though, seems to be original with Spenser, and perhaps derives from the homely almanacks of seasonal advice to shepherds—one of which, the French *Kalendrier des Bergers*, translated into English and very widely known in the sixteenth century, may at least provide the title; but the calendar idea is not fully worked out—not all the eclogues, by any means, are 'proportionable' to their month as the title page claims—and it seems likely that Spenser decided on the plan after he already had some pastoral eclogues written, and then made up, or cut down, the number to twelve for publication. The order and dates of the various eclogues, however, are matters for conjecture.

When we pass on to consider the qualities of the *Shepherds' Calendar* the historical importance begins to give way to the intrinsic merit. It is not, perhaps, a widely-read poem now, or one that is greatly admired; and yet it has considerable qualities of its own, apart from its interest as a foretaste of Spenser's greater work. The reader's first impression, even of this mere selection from the whole poem, may well be of its great variety: there is, first, the remarkable variety of metres—some of them are traditional, some experimental, and two at least entirely new inventions. There are thirteen separate metres in all, from the long stanzas of the November and April songs to the four-beat 'Chaucerian' couplets of February and May; and only three of the thirteen were ever used again by Spenser. It was, in a sense, a virtuoso performance: as if he said, to all those who were struggling to write poetry in English, 'this is what you can do with your language if you wish: now you carry on'. With the metrical variety goes a variety of diction: some eclogues, even at a first reading, are obviously more homely, more rustic, and pitched in a very much lower key, than others—compare, for example, 'February' with 'November'. Added to this is the variety

of subject-matter and poetic effect. 'E.K.' had divided the eclogues into three categories: 'Plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth'; or recreative, 'such as all those be, which contain matter of love, or commendation of special personages'; or 'moral, which for the most part be mixed with some satirical bitterness; namely the second, of reverence due to old age; the fifth, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepherds and pastors; the tenth, of contempt of poetry and pleasant wits'; but this is a rough division, and the categories overlap—'November', for example, is obviously 'recreative' as well as 'plaintive'. A binding theme is perhaps difficult to find, and more so in the selection here given: but it may well lie in the personality, and the veiled account of the love affair with Rosalind, of Colin Clout, the real 'hero' of the poem; and upon this framework, as Professor Greg remarks, 'are woven the various moral, polemical, and idyllic themes which Spenser introduces'.

The pastoralism is, as has been said, merely conventional: there is little attempt to suggest that the 'shepherds' are actual rustics—mostly they represent identifiable people, poets, scholars, churchmen (the metaphor of the shepherd and his flock having made the pastoral a common vehicle for ecclesiastical satire), who are, so to speak, playing at being shepherds. Such conventionalism could easily become insipid and meaningless, and its eighteenth-century manifestations, in particular, disgusted Dr Johnson. 'An intelligent reader,' he wrote in his life of Shenstone, 'acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*.' But in Spenser's hands the pastoral was, perhaps, something more than a convention, a useful mould into which matter of a widely varied nature could be poured: in *Virgil's Gnat* the poet cries 'O the great happiness, which shepherds have', and the creed of the shepherds is stated by Hobbinol in a way that suggests that this is not, after all, merely a conventionalized pastoral 'attitude' struck by the poet, something on a par with court ladies dressing up as shepherdesses: to Diggon, the discontented shepherd who has unsuccessfully sought his fortune overseas, he remarks, 'Content who lives with trièd state'. As well as an illustrated catalogue of the possibilities of English poetry, the *Shepherds' Calendar* is a groping towards a philosophy. The themes of the poem are melancholy, but the effect is not; as Professor Légouis says, 'it is illumined with a

joy which dissipates the shadows: the joy of a young poet ravished by the beauty and harmony of his verse'. 'E.K.' apologized in introducing the new poet: 'young birds,' he said, 'that be newly crept out of their nest, by little first prove their tender wings before they make a greater flight'; but he also made a prophecy: 'so finally flieth this our new Poet as a bird whose principals be scarce grown out, but yet as one that in time shall be able to keep wing with the best.' The *Shepherds' Calendar* is by no means a faint fluttering: but it is the first wingbeats of the eagle who was to embark on the tremendous soaring flight of *The Fairy Queen*, brought to earth only by death.

February

The 'argument' prefixed to each eclogue is by 'E.K.'—part of the learned apparatus which would convince its readers of the poem's importance. This is one of the 'moral' eclogues, and, like 'May', begins with a debate and ends with a fable in illustration. The debate is by no means one-sided: obviously there are good things to be said for both youth and age, though the bias here in favour of Thenot suggests Spenser's reverence for tradition and antiquity. Nevertheless, 'E.K.'s description of this eclogue as 'of reverence due to old age' is perhaps deliberately naive: there seems to be more to it than that, and the fable has been variously interpreted—that 'youth needs the protection of age, and new and radical movements need the support of old traditions'; that the oak represents 'the true spirit of Christianity, degenerated under the influence of Romish superstition' (v. lines 209-12), and the haughty briar the irreverent and godless temper of the new clergy' (de Selincourt); or that the oak represents the old religion rotted by superstition, and supplanted by the Church of England (the briar) at the hand of the English people (the husbandman); and now the English church in turn deserves destruction for its pride (Greenlaw). Certainly lines 207f complicate the fable by showing the oak as not altogether blameless—as having, in fact, a 'tragic flaw'. It appears, moreover, from Spenser's Epilogue to the *Calendar* that these 'moral' eclogues may well be the backbone of the whole: his purpose is

'To teach the ruder shepherd how to feed his sheep,
And from the falser's fraud his folded flock to keep',

and the prevalence of ecclesiastical satire, here and elsewhere, may, as has been suggested, account for the mystery and air of secrecy surrounding the poem's first publication.

The fable is, as 'E.K.' rightly points out, more in Aesop's vein than Chaucer's; but the style here, as in 'May', seems to represent an approach to the Chaucerian narrative style as it was understood by the sixteenth century. The value of Chaucer's final 'e' does not seem to have been appreciated, and as a result many of Chaucer's lines seemed irregular, and of four strong beats. In addition, the four-beat couplet was well established in popular verse.

April

A 'recreative' eclogue, the two parts of which may well have been written at separate times. The dialogue is interesting metrically in that some of the quatrains are linked by rhyme (cf. *Colin Clout* and 'November'). The important part, though, is the 'lay', which, it has been suggested, was probably (with 'November') the most striking part of the whole *Calendar* to Spenser's contemporaries, and the most influential. It looks forward to Spenser's greater work in the lyrical form, such as *Epithalamion*. It has its weaknesses—it is rather too long for its subject-matter, the characterization of Henry VIII as Pan is not very happy, and there are clumsy passages (e.g. line 333, and 390, where 'delice' has to rhyme with 'lilies')—but the stanza is managed with great skill, and this has rightly been called one of the glories of Elizabethan verse.

267: 'southern shepherd': see Glossary.

274: It should be noted that the pun (here 'friend—fren') was still a respectable poetic device in Elizabethan times.

276-8: a good rhyme, as is 338-40.

279-81: the 'identical rhyme' ('lay—lay'), used by Chaucer and popular in the fifteenth century, was still liked by Spenser.

314-15: alluding to the union of Lancaster (the red rose) and York (the white) in Henry VIII, as well as being a conventional compliment to Queen Elizabeth's complexion.

389: 'chevisance': Professor C. L. Wrenn suggests that this is a deliberate coinage, by sound-association with 'chivalry'; in *The Fairy Queen* Britomart talks of the 'noble chevisance' of rescuing Amoret.

May

A 'moral' eclogue, and similar in manner and construction to 'February'. 'E.K.' says Piers and Palinode represent the protestants and catholics respectively; but it may be more true to regard Palinode as standing for the Anglican or High Church party, 'corrupted' by various accoutrements of Catholicism (represented in the fable by the bells, etc. at 647), opposed to the austere Puritans who wanted to get back to what they regarded as the 'true church' in its primitive simplicity. Palinode also undoubtedly represents the easy-going, worldly type of pastor, of whatever denomination; but it is interesting that, although Spenser is morally on Piers' side, the best and most vivid poetry is given to Palinode. We should, in fact, beware of identifying Piers too readily with Spenser.

The meaning of the fable is clear enough: the fox was a widely used symbol for the Jesuits and other Catholic orders, but it is not certain whether the Church of Rome itself is being attacked, or simply Romish practices in the Church of England. The kid's father, it has been suggested, may represent Christ, and his mother the 'true church': but the details cannot be followed out too closely—e.g. there is no good reason offered (585-6) for the goat's absence from home, especially as she is aware of the dangers.

August

A 'recreative' eclogue by 'E.K.'s classification, but obviously containing 'plaintive' matter. It is a composite poem, of which the parts are not really blended very happily—Colin's sestina is simply tacked on to the end. The 'singing-match' derives originally from Theocritus, and, with its 'folk-song' quality, has considerable charm and gaiety, though Willy's 'under-song' does not, of course, add much to Perigot's verses, or even cap them particularly well.

The sestina that follows is something of a literary exercise, and, despite the shepherds' extravagant admiration, we may find it conventional and unfeeling; nevertheless, its ingenuity was praised by Spenser's contemporaries. The sestina is principally an Italian form (though originated in Provence), and here Spenser is probably deliberately imitating Petrarch—though he arranges his rhymes far less elaborately than does the Italian.

October

This 'moral' eclogue, written in a six-line stanza of two rhymes, is important as a statement, in debate-form, of Spenser's poetic aims. The argument, as Renwick remarks, is 'an epitome of the Renaissance view of poetry, and should be read with care'. The work, *The English Poet*, referred to was, unfortunately, never published.

The verse has a loftiness and fervour which is not reached elsewhere in the Calendar; while this is a complaint of the bad state into which poetry and poets had fallen it is at the same time a statement of belief in the divine nature of poetry, and in its power. Neither Piers nor Cuddie, of course, necessarily 'is' Spenser, who may be referring to himself, rather irrelevantly, at line 1007; but Piers' words at 955ff are prophetic of *The Fairy Queen*, and the whole eclogue may be regarded as a debate within the poet himself, between the two sides of his poetic character. Cuddie's reference to Virgil at 974f is significant, for Spenser took Virgil in many ways as a model: the Roman poet, as Cuddie points out, had also begun his career with pastorals, then 'graduated' through the Georgics (977) before starting his epic.

948: see Glossary s.v. Orpheus.

966: refers to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose coat of arms was a bear chained to a staff. See the introductory notes to *Virgil's Gnat* and *Mother Hubbard's Tale*.

November

Based, as the argument points out, on Marot's *Complainte* of 1531, the dirge follows many of the conventions of pastoral elegy, as do *Astrophel* and, later, Milton's *Lycidas*, Shelley's *Adonais* and Arnold's *Thyrsis*. The lyric is notable, like 'April', as an example of Spenser's early skill in contriving and handling an elaborate stanza form, the pace being carefully controlled, and the transition from sorrow to consolation in the twelfth stanza beautifully managed. Once again, it is perhaps rather too long for its subject-matter; and there is an excessive use of alliteration in places (e.g. 1172); but, with 'April' it must be regarded as one of the high-water marks of Elizabethan poetry up to that date.

VIRGIL'S GNAT

In 1591, after the first part of *The Fairy Queen* had been published, Spenser and his printer took advantage of its success to bring out a volume of miscellaneous poems, many of them written some time earlier, which bore the title *Complaints*, and included (of the pieces in this selection) *Virgil's Gnat*, *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and the du Bellay and Petrarch sonnets. In the printer's preface Spenser is still spoken of as 'the new poet'.

The twenty-four lines given here—three of the *ottava rima* stanzas—are presented chiefly as an example of Spenser as an adaptor from the Latin, though they undoubtedly possess a charm of their own. The whole poem tells, in a deliberately exalted style, how a gnat, who had woken a sleeping shepherd to warn him of danger from a snake, and been killed by him, appears to the shepherd in a dream, describes hell, and reproaches him for ingratitude—whereupon the remorseful shepherd raises a monument for the gnat. The dedication was to the Earl of Leicester, in a sonnet which suggests that the gnat is Spenser, the shepherd Leicester, and that Spenser had not received due acknowledgment for some service done; there may be a connection with *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. Leicester died in 1588, and the *Gnat* was probably written between 1577 and 1580. It is based on the Virgilian (or pseudo-Virgilian) poem *Culex*, dedicated to Augustus.

Many texts of the *Culex* were available in the sixteenth century, and that used by Spenser is probably a 1542 edition of Virgil published at Antwerp. In this, the passage which our extract adapts runs as follows:

*Ignæus æthereas iam Sol penetrarat in arces,
Candidaque aurato quatibat lumina curru,
Crinibus et roseis tenebras Aurora fugarat,
Propulit e stabulis ad pabula læta capellas
Pastor, et excelsi montis iuga summa petuit,
Lurida qua patulos velebant gramina colles.
Iam sylvis, dumisque vagæ, iam vallibus abduñt
Corpora: iamque omni celeres e parte vagantes
Scrupea desertæ perrepunt ad cava rupis.
Tondentur tenero viridantia gramina morsu:*

*Pendula proiectis carpuntur et arbuta ramis,
 Densaue virgultis auide labrusca petuntur.
 Haec suspensa rapit carpente cacumina morsu,
 Vel salicis lentae, vel quae nova nascitur alnus:
 Haec teneras fruticum sentes rimatur: at illa
 Imminet in rivi praestantis imaginis undam.*

It will be noticed that, while every detail in Spenser's version derives from the Latin, his is at the same time not mere translation but a fresh and (apparently) directly observed description. Generally he expands the Latin (his poem is 688 lines, as against 414 in the original); but there is no equivalent of the 'pendula . . . arbuta' ('overhanging strawberry bush') or 'densa . . . labrusca' ('thick wild grape'). Spenser's 'thickest grass' is not equivalent to 'lurida'; and (if this was his text) he has made a free version of the last line, which reads (in Fairclough's translation) 'hangs over the water of the stream, its wondrous mirror'.

THE 'VISIONS'

The *Visions of Bellay* and the *Visions of Petrarch*, published in the *Complaints* volume of 1591, are probably early work. In 1569 had appeared the English version of a volume of poems with prose commentary called *A Theatre for Worldlings*, and compiled by a Flemish refugee named Van der Noodt; and it seems that the poetic translations were by Spenser, then only sixteen or seventeen. The Petrarch poems were translated from a French version by Clément Marot of one of Petrarch's (1304-74) *canzone*, though it appears in places that the translator referred to the original; and the others are from the *Songe*, or *Dream*, of du Bellay (1522-60). In the early version the Petrarch poems were called Epigrams, and bore woodcut illustrations; some were in sonnet form, others (the third and fourth in our selection) of twelve lines only. The du Bellay poems, also decorated with woodcuts, were called 'sonets' but were of fourteen unrhymed lines. At some later time—but no doubt still very early in his career—Spenser recast them into their present form.

All the Visions deal with the transience of earthly glory and

the vanity of human wishes, and are grave and rhetorical in style. These are good examples of the very popular vision or 'emblem' poetry which—with or without the help of a woodcut—presents simple allegories in pictorial terms. The allegories themselves are open to various particular interpretations—Van der Noodt held that the first of these Petrarch sonnets, for example, shows Time, by night and day (the black and white dogs) eating away the beauty of Petrarch's mistress Laura (the hind)—but they all, as has been said, deal generally with the decay of worldly things. They are of interest in showing Spenser's early attraction to allegory, and as being amongst his first sonnets.

MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE

The extract given here is the first 342 lines of a total of 1388. According to Spenser in 1591 it was composed 'long since . . . in the raw conceit of his youth'—probably in about 1579; and it may have been worked over for the later publication.

The poem as a whole, especially the last part, is usually taken to be a particular as well as a general satire: in 1579 negotiations were under way for a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the duc d'Alençon, brother of the French king—negotiations conducted by d'Alençon's agent Simier, whom Elizabeth used to refer to affectionately as her 'ape'. The prospect of the alliance appalled many of the court, particularly the Puritans; but it seemed to be favoured by Burghley, the Lord Treasurer, who is therefore thought to be the 'fox' of this poem. Spenser may have written the Tale to warn Leicester, his patron, of the danger of the marriage—after many adventures the fox and the ape steal a sleeping lion's skin and usurp the throne—but it does not seem to have pleased Leicester (hence, perhaps, the occasion of *Virgil's Gnat*) and soon afterwards, if this dating is correct, Spenser went into virtual exile in Ireland. The dating is supported by the introductory lines, which may refer to the pestilence of 1578.

This particular personal interpretation hardly appears, however, in our present extract, which is more general satire in Spenser's 'Chaucerian' manner, and has some affinity with the satirical eclogues of the *Shepherds' Calendar*. The figures of fox

and ape, and their relationship—the fox as cunning leader, the ape as vain, stupid, servile, and a convenient caricature of mankind—are traditional, and Spenser may be influenced by English translations of the medieval 'beast-epic', *Reynard the Fox*. Spenser took care to point out (line 1315) that the style is 'low'—i.e. familiar, colloquial and unadorned—to suit the matter; but his handling of the couplet, though obviously lacking the mastery of Dryden or Pope, is vigorous and skilful. The main satire in this extract, after their pilgrimage gets started, is against vagabonds and false beggars; and the racy, anecdotal treatment serves to introduce the two animals, who climb up the social ladder until, as has been said, they reach the top.

COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN

Although it bears a dedicatory letter to Raleigh dated (from Ireland) December 1591, *Colin Clout* was not published until 1595—possibly because Raleigh himself was in something like disgrace in 1592-3. What Spenser calls 'this simple pastoral' has been rightly called by a later critic a 'graceful piece of idealized autobiography'; and though the pastoral setting is there, and many of the names of the characters (e.g. Colin, Cuddy, Hobbinol) reappear, the general tone is very different from that of the *Shepherds' Calendar*, being more refined and dignified, and with very little use of dialect or archaism.

Spenser had gone to Ireland in 1580 as secretary to Lord Grey, and, though he regarded this as virtual exile, Ireland made a deep impression on him. In 1589 Raleigh visited him, and together they went to England, where Spenser published the first three books of *The Fairy Queen*. His hope of advancement in England failed, however, and Spenser's only immediate reward was a pension (then by no means negligible, of course) of £50 a year. The failure to obtain better preferment may have been partly because Raleigh was then, as later, temporarily out of favour, particularly with the influential Burghley.

The trip, and Spenser's return to Ireland, are the subject of *Colin Clout*. At the beginning Colin, as the centre of an admiring group of shepherds and shepherdesses, has told of the visit of

'the Shepherd of the Ocean' (Raleigh), and rehearsed the lays they had sung together. The Shepherd of the Ocean had persuaded Colin to travel overseas to his own land, England, and the voyage forms the first of our extracts. Then Colin describes the court, at first in glowing terms, mentioning (sometimes by their own name, sometimes allusively) various courtiers, poets, and their ladies, and culminating in a panegyric of the Queen herself, as Cynthia. Naturally enough, he is asked why he did not stay; and in a satirical passage, recalling something of the manner of *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, he gives the other side of the picture—the constant jostling for place, the slander and envy, the guile and deceit and hollowness of the whole thing. Similarly, when asked 'is Love known at court?' Colin replies, 'Yes: but not our pure and true kind; love there is vain and sordid.' A discussion of love develops, and in our second extract Colin speaks of love as the great creating and controlling force of the world. He goes on to talk of Rosalind, who may be the same unknown Rosalind of the *Shepherds' Calendar*, or simply Spenser's ideal love (possibly Elizabeth Boyle, whom he married in 1594). Finally, the last four lines give the conventional pastoral ending.

ASTROPHEL

Astrophel appeared in the same 1595 volume as *Colin Clout*, and served there to introduce a number of poems (mostly written some time earlier) in commemoration of Sir Philip Sidney, who had died in 1586 while on service in the Netherlands. Spenser's own poem cannot be dated exactly, but is probably later than 1590, for in that year he recorded his regret that he had not yet composed anything in memory of his dead friend and patron. The depth of the friendship between Spenser and Sidney is difficult to determine: they had a good deal in common in their approach to poetry, and Spenser speaks of himself in a letter as being in 'some use of familiarity' with Sidney; on the other hand, Spenser obviously looked up to Sidney, and speaks of him with reverence rather than familiarity. The *Shepherds' Calendar* was dedicated to Sidney, and, among many instances in Spenser's works, the portrait of the true courtier in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*,

and the character of Sir Calidore in book VI of *The Fairy Queen*, both said to be founded on Sidney, are notable. This makes the coldness—for coldness it must appear—of *Astrophel* all the more remarkable: one may say that perhaps Spenser's feelings were too deep for adequate expression, or that the 'pastoral elegy' was a recognized poetic form which disguised depth of emotion; or point to such tender passages as 2098f; but the impression remains that this is a disappointing poem, unworthy of its author and subject. Moreover, the six-line stanza is not handled altogether happily, as the concluding couplet tends to bring the verse bumping continually to a halt.

The poem presents an allegory of Sidney's life and death, and owes something to the Adonis legend—particularly to the *Lament for Adonis* of the second century B.C. Greek poet, Bion. The hunting refers to Sidney's service in the Netherlands, and his death-wound, like *Astrophel's* here, was in the thigh. The allegory, though, cannot be followed out in all respects: for example, whoever is meant by Stella, she did not die 'forthwith'. This leads to the question, who is Stella? The name *Astrophel* ('lover of the Star', i.e. of Stella) was Sidney's own name for himself in his great sonnet-sequence *Astrophel and Stella*. The Stella there is generally taken to be Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, who had, at the time of Sidney's presumed courtship, married Lord Rich. The dedication of Spenser's poem, however, is to Sidney's widow, the former Frances Walsingham, who had, after Sidney's death, married Essex. It would seem, then, that Spenser is being either very tactless, in dedicating to Sidney's widow a poem which tells of her husband's former affairs; or very tactful, in disclaiming the identification of Stella with Penelope Devereux and assuming that Stella is simply Sidney's ideal love—i.e. his wife.

The poem was followed by the *Doleful Lay of Clorinda*, purporting here to be by 'Clorinda'—Sidney's sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke—but probably by Spenser himself.

AMORETTI

The *Amoretti*, a sequence of eighty-nine sonnets, was published, together with *Epithalamion*, in 1595, and then spoken of as 'written not long since'. As they are arranged, some kind of story is traceable, which has led many to regard them as autobiographical: it is the story of the wooing of someone called Elizabeth, proud and unresponsive for over a year, who eventually relents and returns the poet's love—except that at sonnet 86 there is mention of a 'venomous tongue' who stirs discord between them so that they separate. If the sequence is indeed autobiographical, the publication with the sonnets of Spenser's own marriage-song may be taken as indicating a happy ending. But it is dangerous to take the whole sequence as the history of a genuine love-affair; the warning of Professor C. S. Lewis, speaking of Elizabethan sonnet-sequences in general, is worth noting:

'the first thing to grasp about a sonnet-sequence is that it is not a way of telling a story. It is a form which exists for the sake of prolonged lyrical meditation, chiefly on love but relieved from time to time by excursions into public affairs, literary criticism, compliment, or what you will. External events—a quarrel, a parting, an illness, a stolen kiss—are every now and then mentioned to provide themes for the meditation.'¹

Thus, in this case there is no doubt that many of the sonnets spring from some concrete instance, involving some real woman—whether Spenser's wife or another woman does not matter; just as many, perhaps, are purely imaginative, purely 'literary'; and, whether personal or not, most of the sonnets are conventional and imitative. This must not be misunderstood: the fountain-head of fifteenth and sixteenth century love-poetry, particularly the sonnet, is Petrarch; and he and his followers, both Italian and French, exerted an enormous and almost incalculable influence on Elizabethan lyric. Some of Spenser's sonnets are more or less direct imitation of Petrarch, or of such of his disciples as the

¹ C. S. Lewis, *The Oxford History of English Literature*, vol. III, 1954.

Italian Tasso and the French Ronsard and Desportes; but 'source-hunting' is generally futile. There is so much in these sonnets that derives ultimately from Petrarch—references to the power of the loved one's eyes, lists of comparisons, the idea of love as warfare, the frequent imagery of ships and tempests, ice and fire, and so on—but, however much a word, a phrase, an idea, an image may be borrowed, these are nevertheless very much Spenser's own work. He is not one of the very greatest English sonnetteers, to be placed beside his contemporaries Shakespeare and Sidney, or, later, Milton, Wordsworth or Keats; and many quite minor Elizabethans, such as Michael Drayton, wrote better sonnets on occasion than any of Spenser's; but it has been rightly remarked that 'if he never wrote a great sonnet, he never wrote a bad one', and the *Amoretti* as a whole is a great and characteristic work. Spenser seems to infuse into what has been called 'the gracious and fantastic conventionality of the love-sonnet' a dignity and earnestness of his own. His only innovation, but one which went a long way towards giving the sequence unity, was his rhyme scheme: Spenser uses three interlinked quatrains and a couplet, rhyming abab bcbc cdcd ee, which gives a more even flow than the Petrarchan (with its break between octet and sestet, and a rhyme-scheme such as abba abba cdcdcd) or the Shakespearean, with its independently rhymed quatrains (abab cdcd efef gg).

Additional notes follow on a few of the *Amoretti*; but I have tried to keep them to a minimum.

x. It may be of interest to observe Spenser's methods as an adaptor of the Italian, and to compare them with those of his predecessor Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503?-42); here is the original, from Petrarch's *Rime*, a literal translation, and Wyatt's version:

*Or vedi, Amor, che giovanetta donna
 Tuo regno sprezza e del mio mal non cura,
 E tra duo ta'nemici è sì sicura.
 Tu se' armato, et ella in treccie e'n gonna
 Si siede e scalza in mezzo i fiori e l'erba,
 Vèr' me spietata e contra te superba.
 I' son pregion; ma, se pietà ancor serba
 L'arco tuo saldo e qualcuna saetta,
 Fa di te e di me, signor, vendetta.*

Behold now, Love, how the young lady despises thy reign, and cares not about my pain, and between two such adversaries is so secure. Thou art armed, yet she sits in her loose tresses and her gown, and goes barefoot amidst the flowers and the grass, pitiless towards me, and arrogant towards you. I am a prisoner: but, if pity yet preserves your bow and some arrow intact, sir, on your behalf and mine, take vengeance.

(Wyatt; modernized spelling):

*Behold, love, thy power how she despiseth!
My great pain how little she regardeth!
The holy oath, whereof she taketh no cure,
Broken she hath; and yet she bideth sure
Right at her ease and little she dreadeth.
Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth;
To thee disdainful her life she leadeth,
To me spiteful without cause or measure,
Behold, love.*

*I am in hold: if pity thee moveth,
Go bend thy bow, that stony hearts breaketh,
And with some stroke revenge the displeasure
Of thee and him, that sorrow doth endure,
And, as his lord, thee lowly entreateth.
Behold, love.*

Spenser, it will be seen, uses the original rather as a theme to be embroidered upon than as material for straight translation.

xv. A paraphrase of a sonnet by Desportes, important as a statement of Spenser's often-repeated belief—that spiritual beauty (lines 13 and 14) is of more value than physical beauty. This sonnet is elaborated in *Epithalamion* (2878-914); and the imagery may derive from the *Song of Solomon*, particularly chapter V, verses 10-16.

xxxiii. Cf. sonnet lxxx. Books IV-VI of *The Fairy Queen* were not published until 1596, though sonnet lxxx indicates that they may have been finished by mid-1594. The first three books had been published in 1590.

liii. The old belief concerning the panther, referred to here, dates at least as far back as Pliny.

lx. Mars takes, in fact, 79 years to 'run his sphere'—i.e. return to the same position relative to the sun and the other planets. This sonnet gives a vague indication of Spenser's age—we gather that he is about forty in about 1591-4; other evidence gives his date of birth as probably 1552 or 1553.

lxvii. A comparison with the Petrarch original and with Wyatt's version of it is again worth making: the Italian is as follows:

*Una candida cerva sopra l'erba
Verde m'apparve, con duo corna d'oro,
Fra due riviere, a l'ombra d'un alloro,
Levando 'l sole, a la stagione acerba.
Era sua vista sì dolce superba,
Ch'i' lasciai per seguirla ogni lavoro;
Come l'avarò che'n cercer tesoro
Con diletto l'affanno disacerba.
'Nessun mi tocchi', al bel collo d'intorno
Scritto avea di diamanti e di topazi;
'Libera farmi al mio Cesare parve.'
Et era 'l sol già vòlto al mezzo giorno;
Gli occhi miei stanchi di mirar, non sazi:
Quand' io caddi ne l'acqua, et ella sparve.*

(Literal translation):

A white hind, with two horns of gold, appeared to me upon the green grass, between two rivers, in the shade of a laurel tree, at sunrise in the bitter season. Her mien was so gentle and proud that to follow her I left all my work, like the miser who, in seeking treasure, appeases his (former) anguish with (new) delight. Round about the fair neck was written, in diamonds and topazes, 'Let no one touch me; it seemed right to my Caesar to give me liberty.' And already the sun had moved on towards noonday; my eyes were weary with gazing, yet not sated; when I slipped into the stream, and she vanished.

(Wyatt):

*Whoso list to hunt, I know where is an hind,
But as for me, alas, I may no more:
The vain travail hath wearied me so sore.
I am of them that farthest cometh behind;*

*Yet may I by no means my wearied mind
 Draw from the Deer: but as she fleeth afore,
 Fainting I follow. I leave off therefore,
 Since in a net I seek to hold the wind.
 Who list her hunt, I put him out of doubt,
 As well as I may spend his time in vain:
 And, graven with Diamonds, in letters plain
 There is written her fair neck round about:
 Noli me tangere, for Caesar's I am;
 And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.*

lxviii. An Easter sonnet, made up of a patchwork of references to the collects, etc.

EPITHALAMION

Following in a long tradition of epithalamia or marriage-songs, and taking as its form an English adaptation of the irregular stanza of the Italian *canzone*, Spenser's *Epithalamion* is the masterpiece of his minor poems and—despite parts of the nineteenth stanza—one of the greatest formal lyrics in the language. It is an idealization of his own marriage to Elizabeth Boyle; this was in June of (probably) 1594, though it may be earlier, but the suggestion that the poem may refer to an earlier marriage, about 1580, is unlikely.

The poem itself has something of the qualities of a pageant or masque, a series of tableaux in which, by turns, mythology, literary reminiscence, natural description and homely detail are gathered together to express and reinforce the poet's personal feeling of joy; as Renwick remarks, 'by the free use of the poetic tradition of mythology Spenser associates with his own joy the landscape round Kilcolman, his Irish home, the sea, the heavens and the moon'. After the formal invocation, in which others of Spenser's works are alluded to (mainly the *Complaints* volume in general, and *The Tears of the Muses* in particular), the procession, as it were, moves off through ten stanzas, with the gathering of the attendants, the rousing and adorning of the bride, and her arrival at the church; then two stanzas deal with the ceremony

itself; and ten more stanzas relate the homecoming, the celebrations, and finally the retirement to the bridal chamber, with a prayer for the fruitfulness of the marriage. The long stanza is varied with great subtlety, the elaborate rhyme-scheme being less important than the effect given by the changes of pace—an art Spenser had learned in the April and November songs of the *Shepherds' Calendar*; and it will be noticed that the stanzas vary slightly in length and rhyme arrangement, while the refrain also varies, moving into the negative for the closing section. The language is almost completely modern and free from archaism, and the wealth of imagery is allied to the often-remarked musical quality of the poem to produce a total effect of strength and controlled luxuriance which earns for it Coleridge's praise of 'truly sublime'.

The last seven lines, or 'envoy', seem to suggest that the poem should have accompanied the marriage gifts which, for some reason, had been delayed; the song therefore has to do duty instead of them. 'Which cutting off' means 'which having been cut off'. Examples of the 'names whose sense we see not' of line 3054 are the 'five fiends' who have been in 'poor Tom' in *King Lear* iv.i: Obidicut, Hobbididence, Mahu, Modo and Flibbertigibbet.

PROTHALAMION

Spenser's second 'marriage-hymn', and his last complete poem to be published, is not in fact a bridal song but one which records a meeting, or formal celebration of some kind, shortly before the marriage, 'which is not long'. He himself calls it a 'spousal verse', and spousal could have the meaning of 'betrothal' as distinct from marriage. The occasion was, as the title-page stated,

'the double marriage of the two honourable and virtuous ladies, the Lady Elizabeth and the Lady Katherine Somerset, daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of Worcester, and espoused to the two worthy gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquires.'

This marriage took place on 8th November 1596, and the poem was probably written a month or two before.

It does not possess the personal intensity of Spenser's own wedding-poem, nor is it so unified or (though shorter) so concentrated in its effect; yet it has something of the same mastery of rhythmical and musical effect, a more evocative refrain, and what Coleridge referred to as 'the swan-like movement of his exquisite *Prothalamion*'. There are weaknesses: it may be felt that this is not the place for Spenser to return once more to his complaints of neglect by the court, as he does in the first stanza, nor to indulge in personal reminiscence, or eulogy of the dead Leicester or the living Essex as he does in the last three stanzas—though they are all connected by the fact that the spousal evidently takes place at Essex House, formerly Leicester's home; but we must remind ourselves of the literal necessity for a poet to find a patron, unless he could make a living by drama or pamphleteering; and Spenser, despite an acquired affection for the Irish countryside, really loved London, his birthplace and 'most kindly nurse', and never gave up hope of returning to a place there at court. In fact, Spenser's integrity may be commended; for Leicester, at any rate, had been dead for eight years and had not been liked by the still-powerful Burleigh; and Essex himself, despite his successful raid on Cadiz of August 1596 (celebrated in the ninth stanza) was not in great favour. Weaknesses of a different kind include grammatical clumsiness ('afflict' at line 3153 is, awkwardly, the subject of both 'whom' and 'brain'); too many vague and stock epithets ('goodly', 'gentle', 'fair', etc. are all overworked); some barren rhetorical word play at 3184-90; and a use of allegory (the brides as swans) which is allowed to fade out rather clumsily towards the end of the poem. Nevertheless, this is a great lyric poem, and, as has been observed, a fitting swan-song in another sense to Spenser's poetical career: for shortly after this he returned to duty in Ireland, and in 1599, on a last visit to London, he died.

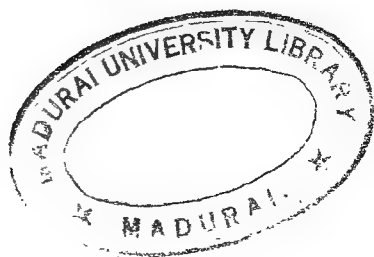
Additional notes:

- 3185: 'shew': probably a good rhyme, in Elizabethan pronunciation, with 'hue'.
 3211: 'summer's-heat': a pun on Somerset.
 3274: 'an house of ancient fame': Spenser liked to trace his connection with the Spencers of Althorpe, Northants, who,

although at the time a *nouveau riche* family, had succeeded in providing themselves with an ancient pedigree.

3297-8: another pun: Essex' name was Robert Devereux; and Spenser has interpreted Devereux as a compression of '*devenir heureux*', to become happy.

3302: 'thy wide alarms'—i.e. alarm of, or concerning, you.



Glossary



ABATE, to depress, cast down: 1527
 ABORD, astray, 'at sea': 1595
 ABUSION, discredit: 1491
 ACCLOY, clog, choke, encumber: 135
 ACCOMPT, account: 1572, 1578
 ACCORDANCE, agreement: 571, 1826
 ACCOY, subdue: 47
 ACHE, pronounced 'atch': 728
 ACIDALIAN brook, 3021: the fountain of the Graces in Orchomenos, Boeotia, sacred to Venus or Aphrodite; Spenser deliberately shifts it to Tempe for its associations. (See MAIA.)
 ADAW, subdue, daunt: 141
 ADDRESS, prepared, set up: 852
 ADVANCE, extol: 966 (see also s.v. BEAR); 1046
 ADVISEMENT, counsel, deliberation: 1447; Oct. arg.
 AFFECT, kind feeling, passion: 2177
 AFTERCLAP, unexpected sequel or event: 1603
 AGAIN, in return: 140, etc.
 ALBE, although: 345, Nov. arg.; despite: 673
 ALCMENA, 3039: wife of Amphitryon in Gk. legend. Zeus visited her in her husband's likeness, miraculously extending the duration of the night. Hercules ('the Tirynthian groom') was born of the union.
 ALGATE, nevertheless: 1060
 ALGRIND, 482: Edmund Grindal, appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1575; his sympathy with and refusal to crush the Puritans cast him out of favour with the

court and he was suspended from 1577 to 1580. Died 1583.
 ALL AS, as if: 4; ALL FOR, just because: 84, 463; ALL WERE IT, although it were: 465, 1311
 ALS, also: 1140
 ALWAYS, always: 1838, 1868
 AMAZE, amazement: 2252, 2892
 AMERCED, punished, fined: 2583
 AND IF, if: 745, 2405
 ANNOY, grief, annoyance: 1723, 2097, 2515
 ANNOYED, afflicted: 48
 ANON, thereupon, at once: 1395, 1700; soon: 643
 APAY, satisfy, content: 730
 APPAL, make faint or lifeless: 739
 APPROVANCE, approval: 2855
 ARCADY, 1936: referring to the unfinished prose romance *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney (1554-86)
 ARDEYN, 2031: the Ardennes, the wooded plateau of N.E. France, famous in romance and the scene of many battles
 AREDE, tell, make known: 854, 870, 1352, 2366
 ARGUS, 951: in Gk. mythology, the hundred-eyed guardian of Io after she had been changed into a white cow. Hermes charmed Argus asleep and murdered him, whereupon Hera set the eyes in the tail of her bird, the peacock.
 ARION, 2390: a Gk. of the 7th century B.C. In the legend surrounding him, was threatened with death by the captain of the ship on which he was returning to Corinth,

- and, after singing a last song, leaped overboard. He was taken up by dolphins and carried to safety.
- ARLO, 2031: the Glen of Aherlow, near Tipperary, Eire. Spenser speaks of it again in *Mutability* canto VI, 36f. It was a home of outlaws.
- ARMULLA, 1803: Spenser's coinage for the vale of the Mulla (q.v.), the Awbeg River of Cork, Eire
- ARRAS, tapestry, as made at Arras, France: 3015
- ASKEW, sidelong, angrily: 2186
- ASLAKE, assuage: 2425
- ASSAY, sb., attempt: 2534
- ASSAY, v., attempt: 1657, 2618; afflict, affect: 729, 1036
- ASSIZE, measure: 1629
- ASSOIL, discharge (a duty): 2662; dispel: 3244
- ASSURE, make sure of, have confidence in: 1658
- ASTERT, befall: 1226. The true meaning, as in Chaucer, is 'escape', and this seems to be an error on Spenser's part.
- ATALANTA, 2635: in Gk. legend, the swiftest mortal alive; she made victory in a foot-race a condition of marrying her, but was finally defeated by Melanion, who delayed her by dropping three golden apples, given by Aphrodite, in her path.
- ATONCE, already: 38
- ATTEMPER, regulate, bring into harmony with: 251
- ATTONE, together: 437; agreement, concord: 1823
- ATWEEN, in between: 2866, 3003
- AUGUSTUS, 981: the first Roman emperor (63 B.C. - A.D. 14), here mentioned as patron of Virgil, Ovid, Horace and Livy
- AVALE, come down, droop: 8
- AVISE (refl.), consider, bethink oneself: 1552
- AWFUL, striking awe: 959
- AWHAPE, terrify: 1343
- AY, ever, evermore: 198, 1045, 1228, etc.
- BABE, doll: 647
- BACCHUS, 1025, 2966: the Roman god of wine
- BAG, udder: 81
- BAIL, pledge, security: 538
- BALDRICK, a belt, hence the Zodiac: 3318. See TWINS
- BALE, release: 829; dismal or fatal influence: 1123; injury, harm: 2040
- BALK, lie out of the way: 1539
- BANEFUL, betokening evil: 'baneful birds' = owls: 897
- BARNABY, 2977: St. Barnabas' Day, 11 June; then (as the calendar was ten days out) the longest day. 'Barnaby bright' was a proverbial phrase for the day. See also CRAB
- BAT, a stick or club: 1488, 1509
- BEAR, 967: the 'bear and ragged staff' (a tree stripped of its branches) was the crest of the Warwick family, to which Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, belonged.
- BEARE, corpse, that which is laid on a bier (here punning with 'bear'): 2084
- BEASTLIEAD, 'yourself as beast'—a humorous coinage on the analogy of 'lordship': 672
- BEDIGHT (in 'ill bedight'), stricken: 1008
- BEHIGHT, called, named: 366, 608
- BELLAMOURE, an unidentified flower: 2522
- BELLIBONE, a fair maid ('belle et bonne'): 338, 785
- BELLONA, 1033: the Roman goddess of war. 'Quaint' may mean simply

- 'finely attired'; or it may have the meaning 'strange' because she sprang forth, fully armed, from Jupiter's head.
- BELL-WETHER, the leading sheep in a flock, carrying a bell round its neck: 1567
- BEND, band: 439
- BENE, are: 59, 73, etc.
- BEREAVE, take away: 946, 1479
- BESEEN, provided with, adorned with: 2751
- BESPRINT, sprinkled: 1150
- BESTAD, disposed: 731
- BETIGHT, befallen, happened: 1213
- BETT, better: 934
- BEWRAY, reveal, divulge: 900
- BIDDING BASE, a country game in which the players were challenged ('bid') to run from the base or home; but here more probably with the meaning of 'a poetic contest': 924
- BIGGEN, a close-fitting cap, a child's cap or hood: 648
- BIT, bite: 1266
- BLAZE, proclaim, spread abroad: 289
- BLEND, obscure, defile: 2512
- BLONCKET, grey: 412
- BLOOMES, first shoots: 594 (a form of 'blossom', modified by 'bloom')
- BLOWEN, full: 81
- BOND, bound: 1404
- BONIBELL, a beautiful girl: 786
- BOOT, profit: 495
- BOREAS, the north wind: 226
- BORROW, pledge, security: 538; hence, our Saviour: 557
- BOUGHT, here = 'redeemed' (by Christ): 1413
- BRAG, proudly: 71
- BRAGGING, proud, boastful: 115
- BRAST, burst: 1694
- BREME, chill, bitter: 43
- BRENT, burnt: 674
- BRERE, briar: 115, 417, 2306, etc.
- BROUZED, eaten by cattle: 236
- BRUITED, noised abroad: 1459
- BRUNT, stroke, assault: 2230
- BRUST, broken, burst: 2041
- BUGLE, glass beads, usually black: 66
- BUSKET, small bush: 417
- BUSKIN, a high boot worn in ancient times by actors in tragedy: 1032
- BUT, unless: 478, 672; only: 836
- BYNEMPT, promised: 1085
- CAITIFF, base and abject: 1014
- CALLIOPE, 346: the Muse of epic poetry, mother of Orpheus
- CAN, know: 77
- CAN (for 'gan'), did: 691
- CANKER-WORM, a larva that cankers or eats into plants: 179
- CAREFUL, full of care, sorrowful, grievous: 48, 597, 664, etc.
- CARELESS, free from care: 47, 877, 1605
- CARK, sorrow: 1105
- CAST, attempt: 189, 1022, 1298; (refl.) resolve: 125; plan, resolve: 921
- CERTAIN, fixed, definite: 1401
- CERTES, certainly, indeed: 1354
- CHALLENGE, claim: 1408
- CHAMFRED, wrinkled, furrowed: 43
- CHANCE, fortune: 1142
- CHANCEFUL, hazardous: 1369
- CHAPELET, CHAPLET, a garland for the head: 793, 1154, 1977
- CHAPTER, the head of a column: 1644
- CHARM, to tune or play: 1037
- CHAW, chew: 1269
- CHEER, aspect: 26; mood, disposition: 315, 1190; entertainment: 691
- CHEVISANCE, bargain, dealing: 499
- CHEVISAUNCE, an unidentified flower. Possibly a misprint for 'cherisaunce', which may be a kind of wallflower: 389

- CHIEF, head, top: 1154
- CHLORIS, 368: in Gk. legend a nymph, daughter of Niobe; the name means 'green', and she was given sovereignty over all green things.
- CIVIL, civilized: 1316
- CLINK, keyhole (or possibly latch): 658
- CLORINDA, 2146: here referring to Sidney's sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke
- CLOSELY, secretly: 1602
- CLOUT, cloth: 650
- CLOWN, a rustic, a countryman: 956
- COAT-ARMOUR, the heraldically embroidered garment worn over armour, especially by heralds: 2573
- COCKATRICE, 2441: the basilisk, a serpent-like fabulous monster, reputed to kill with its eyes
- COCKED, set up as in a haycock or haystack: 1051
- COLIN, Spenser's *nom de guerre*. The name *Colin Clout* had been used by Skelton in 1522 in an anti-prelatic lampoon to which Spenser may be indebted.
- COLOUR, disguise: 533
- COLOURABLE, deceptive: May arg.
- COLOURED, hidden, disguised: 162, 710
- COMPASS, accomplish, achieve: 1022
- COMPILE, bring together, produce: 2657
- COMPLEMENT, completion: 1609
- COMLOT, conspiracy: 1449
- CON, can, know how: 1091; learn, 92
- CONFUSION, destruction: 627
- CONNING, ability: 1091
- CONSTRAINT, distress: 656, 1244
- CONTECK, strife, discord: 570
- CONTEMPT, despised, contemned: 1087
- CORAGE, mind, spirit: 80, 1014, 1034
- CORBE, crooked: 56
- CORONAL, wreath, garland: 178, 369, 2966
- CORONATION, carnation: 384
- CORSE, body (not necessarily dead): 664, 1148, 1205, 2112
- COSSET, a lamb reared by hand: 1081, 1085, 1245
- COST, 'by my cost' = 'by the value of my soul': 1565
- COUNTENANCE, position, standing: 487
- COUNTERPOINT, (apparently) a trick: May arg.
- COUPLEMENT, union: 3239
- COURSE, 'in course' = 'in turn': 1298
- COUTH, could, knew how: 190, 1134
- CRAB, 2980: the sun moves into the sign of Cancer, the Crab, from 21st June to 23rd July
- CRACKNEL, a light brittle biscuit: 1135
- CRAG, neck: 82
- CREMOSIN, crimson: 305
- CREWE, a pot, here for holy water: the reference is probably to the Druids, to whom oaks were sacred, though Roman Catholics may be meant: 209
- CRIME, accusation: 162
- CROUD, a kind of fiddle or viol: 2842
- CRUDDLE, curdle or coagulate: Feb. arg., 46, 2087
- CUBIT, about twenty inches (the length of the arm from elbow to tip of middle finger): 1629
- CUD, apparently the place where cud is chewed, properly the first stomach of a ruminant: 1269
- CULVER, a dove: 2698
- CUMBER, encumber: 133
- CURELESS, incurable: 828
- CUSTOM, 'of custom' = 'as was usual': 1516

- CYNTHIA, the goddess of the moon: 328, 813, 1759, 3085, 3265. Commonly used by Elizabethan poets as a name for Queen Elizabeth, as in 1759 etc., where she is the 'great shepherdess', ruler of the oceans.
- CYPRIAN QUEEN, Venus (formerly worshipped in Cyprus), traditionally attended by the three Graces: 2814
- DAPPER, neat, pretty: 932
- DARED, afraid (to accept a challenge): 748
- DEED, here used with the sense of 'writing poetry'—i.e. 'making': 872
- DEEMEN, think: 38, 53, 684, etc; pret. DEMPT, judged: 861
- DEFACE, destroy, obliterate: 2337
- DEFFLY, deftly: 357
- DEFORM, disfigure: 2087, 2091
- DEFY, dislike: 1463
- DEMPT, see DEEMEN
- DEPAINTED, described: 1878
- DEPEINCTEN, to depict: 315
- DERRING-DO, daring deeds: 984. Apparently a false archaism, Spenser having mistaken Lydgate's 'dorryng do', i.e. 'daring to do', for a noun.
- DEVISE, suppose: 581; contrive: 2622
- DEWLAP, the pendulous skin under the throat of cattle: 74
- DIAPRED, variegated with flowers: 2762
- DIGHT, to deck, adorn: 418, 1638, 2088; dress, prepare, make ready: 1153, 1976, 2808; (refl.) prepare oneself: 1504, 2741, 2745; (pa. part.) made, fashioned: 275; adorned: 2679
- DINT, sb., blow, pang: 1143, 2056; v., to strike, make a dint in: 2176
- DIRK, darken: 134
- DISADVENTROUS, disastrous: 1371
- DISARRAYED, stripped, despoiled: 105
- DISCOLOURED, variously coloured: 2762
- DISEASED, troubled, distressed: 1311
- DISPLAY (tr. and intr.), spread, stretch out: 104, 603, 962, 1124, 3014
- DISPRAISE, censure: 639
- DISTAINED, stained: 1029
- DIVERS, many: 1888, 3069
- DIVIDE, give out in all directions: 2172
- DIVINED (of), described: 1876
- DO, in 'did to die' = 'killed': 1281
- DOOLE, grief, sorrow: 155, 889, 917
- DOOM, judgement: 859, 1223, 1909
- DOUBLE EYED, doubly keen of sight: 661
- DOUBTED, redoubted, feared: 960
- DOUBTFUL, fearful, apprehensive: 701
- DRAWEN WORK, ornamental work done by pulling out some of the threads of a fabric: 2586
- DREARIHEAD, dreariness, grief: 2068
- DREARIMENT, dreariness, sorrow: 1075, 2722
- DREDE, something inspiring great awe: 978
- DRENT, drowned: 1076 (not necessarily meant literally here, but may be just 'dead')
- DROIL, to drudge: 1428
- DUREFUL, enduring, lasting: 2170
- EAR-MARKED (of animals), marked on the ear as a sign of identity or ownership—hence, easily recognizable: 1459
- EDGE, 'teeth on edge' = 'envious': 442
- EFT, afterwards: 42, 978

EFTSOONS, straight away: 2038,
3199

EGLANTINE, the sweet-briar: 2308

EKE, also: 493, 939, 1324, etc.

ELD, old age: 54, 206, 238, 1489

ELISA, Queen Elizabeth: 280, etc.

EMBRAVE, adorn: 1148

EMPERISHED, enfeebled: 53

EMPRIZE, enterprise, chivalrous
undertaking: 2561

ENAUNTER, in case, lest by chance:
200, 485

ENCHASE, engraving: 1635

ENCHASED, engraved: 751

ENCHEASON, reason, cause, occa-
sion: 554

ENCROACH, come on, advance: 226

ENDEAVOURMENT, endeavour: 1569

ENGRAINED, dyed: 131

ENRANGED, arranged in a row: 3266

ENSAMPLE, example, warning: 1659,
2069, 2193

ENTERTAIN, to treat of: 2223

ENTRAILED, interlaced, entwined:
754, 3169

ENVY (pa. t. ENVÍDE), grudge: 2155,
2726, 3087

ERST, formerly: 926, 976

ESCHEW, avoid: 2508

EXPÉRT, to experience: 1225

FAILETH, see FULL

FAIN, glad: 67, 712

FAITOUR, impostor, villain: 446, 577

FALL, descent, falling off. The 'for-
mer fall' here is the first fall, 'from
good to bad', in the recurring
cycle of events: 14

FALLEN, befall: 456

FALSER, deceiver: 712

FATAL SISTERS, 1187: the three
goddesses of fate, Clotho, Lachesis
and Atropos, who spin the thread
of man's life

FEATEOUSLY, dexterously: 3171

FEE, revenues generally (not simply

money); fee in sufferance =
'revenues allowed or yielded to
them, often after the title to the
property has ceased': 513

FEIGN, simulate: 994; imagine: 3125

FELLED, overthrown: 1666

FELLOW, one of a pair: 1321

FELLY, fiercely, cruelly: 2477

FERVENT, extremely hot, boiling:
2348, 2829

FIERY, 'in fiery fold' = flaming, clad
in flames: 1665

FILLET, a ribbon for the head: 379

FINE, end; 'in fine' = at last: 217

FISHES, 1055: Pisces, the twelfth
sign of the Zodiac, into which the
sun moves in February, not in
November. This would seem
to indicate that the November
eclogue was originally written for
February, and it has been sug-
gested that Spenser 'may have
transposed it and the present
February on several valid artistic
considerations—to separate it fur-
ther from the similar verse-form
of *April*, or to space out the
couplet poems evenly, or to intro-
duce a moral poem early in the
book . . . and so on' (Renwick).

FIT, make, supply: 1652

FITS, beseems, befits: 1007

FLAKE, a detached flame, or flash:
2738

FLASKET, a long shallow basket:
3170

FLATLY, absolutely, completely:
1595

FLEET, float: 1811

FLORA, the Roman goddess of
flowers: 438

FLOWER DELICE, a flower of the iris
family, the fleur de lys; here
rhyming with 'lilies': 390

FLOWERET, young blossom, small
flower: 182, 1122

- FOLD, see FIERY
- FOLD, to put into a sheepfold: 1784
- FON, fool: 69, 404, 1010
- FOND, foolish: 39, 469, 746
- FONDNESS, foolishness: 445
- FONLY, foolishly: 465
- FOR, since, because: 587, 723, 771, 857, 1310; as if: 649, 651; because of: 986; 'what is he for a . . .', = what kind of a . . . is he?: 263
- FOR THY, therefore, because: 628, 856, 934, 952, 1035
- FORDONE, exhausted, overcome: 2658
- FORLORN, deprived, bereft: 250, 1529, 2690
- FORMAL, regular, having form: 1842
- FORSAY, renounce: 489
- FORSWAT, covered with sweat: 345. 'E.K.' glosses as 'sunburnt', but the phrase 'swink and sweat' occurs elsewhere, e.g. at 1193 and 1434.
- FORSWONK, worn out with labour: 345
- FRAME, structure, building: 1628, 1641; 'in frame', in order, condition: 944; 'out of frame', out of order: 727
- FRAY, terrify: 2447, 3055
- FREN, stranger, enemy: 274
- FRIEZE, part of the space above the columns in an arch, etc., often ornamented with figures: 1644
- FRONTING, serving as a front to: 1630
- FRORN, frozen: 243
- FROWARD, perverse: 1337
- FRY, a swarm of young people: 933; young fish: 1767
- FULL LITTLE FAILETH, in a very short time: 2070
- FURIES, 1203: the three goddesses of vengeance—Tisiphone, Alecto and Megaera
- GAIN, to win: 855
- GALAGE, a rustic wooden shoe or clog: 244
- GAN, began: 528, 531, 593, etc.
- GAR, to cause: 247
- GASTFUL, fearful, dismal: 894
- GATE, goat: 584, etc.
- GAUDY GREEN, a light bright green. Green, in medieval colour-symbolism, was the colour of youth and love: 411
- GEASON, rare, extraordinary: 1283
- GELT, gold: 65
- GENIUS, 3109: the god or being governing the generation of all living creatures and watching over them during life; particularly invoked, as here, at marriages. See also *The Fairy Queen* III vi, and C. S. Lewis' discussion in *The Allegory of Love* (Oxford, 1936) pp. 361-3. Hence 'genial bed' at 3110.
- GHOSTLY, spiritual: 1551
- GIANT, 549: here Atlas, the Titan who was condemned to hold up the sky
- GILLYFLOWER, the clove-scented pink: 383, 2520
- GILT, gold-coloured: 1155
- GIN, begin: 2, 39, 775, etc.
- GIPSEN, gipsy: 1357
- GIRLAND, GIRLOND, a garland: 121, 421, etc.
- GLAD, to gladden: 1791
- GLEE, prosperity: 224
- GLEN, properly a wild valley; but 'E.K.' glosses it here as 'a country hamlet or borough', and Spenser may have shared the error: 272
- GLOOM, to become dusk: 2996
- GOOD, goods: 1411, 1519
- GOOD FRIDAY, 30: here seen as a particularly doleful time; cf. the Elizabethan phrase 'a Friday face' = a grave or gloomy expression

GOSSIP, familiar friend: 1324, etc.
 GRACELESS, cruel, merciless: 837
 GRACES, 355: Euphrosyne, Aglaia and Thalia, the Gk. sister-goddesses of beauty
 GRAFFED, grafted, firmly fixed: 242
 GRAFFED IN, engrafted upon: 1898
 GRAIN, 'in grain' = dyed deeply: 2939
 GREET, to weep: 247
 GREET, lamentation. 'Gray is greet' = gray is the colour for weeping: 790
 GRIDE, pierced: 4, 819
 GRIEVANCE, injury, hardship, sorrow: 90, 188
 GROUND, Earth: 2246
 GUERDON, reward: 1084, 1923, 3132
 HABILIMENTS, dress, clothes: 1381
 HAEMONY, 1938: Thessaly, or sometimes the whole of Greece
 HALE, well-being: 2038
 HAN, have: 456, 575, etc.
 HAP, lot, fortune: 1441, 2079, 3099
 HARROWED, 2546: referring to the medieval belief of Christ's descent into, and 'harassing' of, hell, and rescuing of the souls of the Old Testament prophets, etc.
 HASK, a wicker fish-basket: 1055 (see FISHES)
 HAUGHTY, high: 1662
 HAVIOUR, bearing, deportment: 312
 HEADLESS HOOD, 'a hood without a head', i.e., perhaps, 'brainless state': 86
 HEAME, home: 1137 (Northern dialect)
 HEARTLESS, timid, without courage: 1753
 HEBE, 3116: in Gk. mythology, goddess of Youth, daughter of Zeus and Hera; she had the power to make the old young again
 HEELING, heel-piece of a shoe: 1484

HELEN, 1900: the legend here concerns the Gk. lyric poet Stesichorus (c. 600 B.C.) who lost his sight for writing against Helen (of Troy), daughter of Zeus and Leda
 HELICE, 2385: properly the constellation of the Great Bear; but Spenser may here mean the dog's tail or Lesser Bear (the Cynosure), which contains the North Star.
 HELICON, 288: properly the Gk. mountain on which were the 'wells' or springs Hippocrene and Aganippe; but Spenser here follows medieval authorities, including Chaucer, in applying the name to the well itself. Cf. 1069
 HELLISH HOUND, 949: see PLUTO
 HELPLESS, from which there is no help: 3051
 HEM, them: 536, 554 etc.
 HENT, took, seized: 195; carried away: 1208
 HER, their: 567
 HERCULES, 2634: the allusion here is to the eleventh of the labours laid on him by Eurystheus—the fetching of golden apples from the tree guarded by the Hesperides, daughters of Atlas. The Pillars of Hercules (3292) are the cliffs at Calpe and Abyla, now the straits of Gibraltar; they were said to have been erected by Hercules to mark the westward limit of his travels.
 HERDGROOM, herdsman: 35, 769
 HERSE, the funeral service (rather than the modern bier or hearse)—'the thing rehearsed', i.e. said over: 1099, etc.
 HERY, honour, glorify: 62, 1049
 HESPERUS, the Evening Star (Venus): 2806, 3308; and cf. 2997f

- HIE, hasten: 374, 701, 724, 1247
- HIGHT, was called: 1305, 1941, 2146
- HIS, its: 1398, 2173, etc. (The original possessive neuter, and found in literary use as late as 1675. 'Its' had come into colloquial use in the 16th century, but is not found in the Authorized Version of the Bible (1611) nor in any of Shakespeare's works published in his lifetime.)
- HOBBINOL: personal allusion was one of the conventions of pastoral, and 'E.K.' identifies Hobbinol in the *Shepherds' Calendar* as Spenser's friend Gabriel Harvey (1545?-1630). The identification in *Colin Clout* is not so certain.
- HOLY EVE, 777, 845: possibly here the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, 15 August
- HOVE, rise, grow: 2706
- HUGGER MUGGER, secrecy: 1410
- HUSBAND, a husbandman, farmer: 109, 1537
- HYMEN, 2736, 2851, 2967, 3116: originally a cry in Gk. marriage-songs (as here at 2851), later appeared in mythology as the personification of marriage, represented as a beautiful youth
- IDA, 862: a mountain range in Phrygia, Asia Minor, where, in legend, Paris (here 'the shepherd of Ida') was reared. He had to judge the contest of beauty, for the prize of a golden apple, among the three goddesses, Hera, Athene and Aphrodite; and his choice of Aphrodite precipitated the Trojan war.
- IMBRUE, to stain (with blood): 2345, 2456
- IMPLIED, enfolded, contained: 2156
- INFORM, animate, give life to: 3097
- INLY, thoroughly: 445
- INN, abode: 1055
- INSOLENCY, pride: 525
- JASP, jasper: 1638
- JAVEL, a worthless fellow, rascal: 1580
- JOHN, see SIR JOHN
- JOLLITY, revelry, enjoyment: 599, 2956
- JOUISSANCE, merriment: 432, 1041
- JOYANCE, enjoyment, joy: 1960, 2956
- JUNCAT, sweetmeat, delicacy: 2630 (applied to any sweetmeat, not simply junkets as now known)
- KENNED, recognized: 644; espied: 1797
- KENN'ST, knowest: 85, 267, 622, 1028
- KIND, nature: 1878, 2333
- KIRTLE, a sort of gown or outer petticoat: 791
- KNACK, trinket, knick-knack: 693
- LABOURED, cultivated: 977
- LANDHERDS, flocks: 1802
- LARDED, fattened: 110
- LATMIAN SHEPHERD, 3091: Endymion, in Gk. legend, shepherd of Mount Latmos; he was loved by Selene, or Cynthia (the moon), and given immortality and eternal sleep. Keats' *Endymion* is a treatment of the legend.
- LATONA, 332: the mother of Apollo and Artemis or Diana (her 'seed'); for the legend here see NIOBE
- LAUNCH, pierce: 1178, 2054
- LAY, a place of rest, possibly here = 'lea', a field: 1054
- LAYD, faint and subdued: 931; reduced (of something distended): 1038

LEARNED, 288: because Helicon (q.v.) was sacred to the Muses, goddesses of arts and learning

LEASING, a lie: 692

LEDA, 3187: wife of King Tyndareus of Sparta; Zeus, or Jove, visited her in the form of a swan, and she gave birth to Helen, Castor and Pollux.

LEE, 3182, 3259: possibly the River Lea, a tributary of the Thames which enters it at Greenwich, in which case the journey would be upstream to Essex House; or it may be simply a name for any river, as flowing past a lea or field

LEECH, doctor: 1283

LENGED, longed: 657

LERE, lesson: 669

LET, hinder: 2061

LEVER, rather: 574

LEVIN, lightning: 811

LEWD, poor, rotten: 245

LEWDLY, ignorantly: 9; foolishly: 403

LICENTIOUS, with excessive freedom: 2210

LIEF, dear: 1448; LIEFEST, dearest: 916

LIFEFUL, life-giving: 2829

LIGGE, LIGGEN, to lie: 532, 624, 931, 982

LIGHTSOME, bright, flashing: 811

LIKE, to please: 1365, 1366

LIMITER, a friar who had a licence to beg within certain bounds: 1356 (e.g. Chaucer's Friar in the *Canterbury Tales*)

LIST, desire, wish, choose: 571, 775, 943, etc.; (impersonal) e.g. 'thee list' = 'it please thee': 1046, 1440

LITHE, supple: 74

LIVELODE, livelihood, prosperity: 1418

LOBBIN, 1152: possibly Leicester (he has the name in *Colin Clout*); but

the identification is not certain, nor is that of Dido

LODGE, dwelling-place: 2109

LODWICK, 2366: Lodowick or Ludovick Bryskett (d. 1611), Spenser's friend in the Irish civil service

LOOSELY, licentiously: 2159; aimlessly: 1515

LOP AND TOP (here fig.), the twigs and small branches of a tree: 57

LOSEL, a scoundrel, a good-for-nothing: 1338

LOUR, look sullen or threatening: 2186

LUCID, 1887: earlier referred to as Lucida, 'a lovely lass'; she has not been identified

LUNDY, 1795: a small island in the Bristol Channel. The geography here is a little confused, as they seem to have been sailing from Cork, round Land's End (the name Cornwall here—1807—being derived from Latin *cornu*, a horn) to Mount's Bay, Penzance (1809); normally one would not be within sight of Lundy.

LUST, desire (here equated with adolescence): 594

LUST, to desire, wish for: 541, 1060 (= LIST)

LUSTIHEAD, pleasure (often libidinous), enjoyment: 449, 611, 970; energy, vigour: 2733. ('Lust', which now generally means desire of a degraded kind, more often in Spenser and Shakespeare has its old meaning of simply 'pleasure' or 'relish'; the modern sense is at, e.g. 494, 1872, 2168.)

LUSTLESS, listless, feeble: 78, 84

LUSTY, pleasing, beautiful: 16, 131; vigorous, jolly: 429, 1685

MADDING, frenzied: 271

- MAECENAS**, 975: Roman statesman and patron of men of letters (incl. Virgil, Horace and Propertius) in the time of Augustus (q.v.). A lament for the neglect of poetry and decline of patronage is a common feature of the later pastoral.
- MAIA**, 3018: in Gk. mythology, one of the Pleiades, the seven daughters of Atlas; the Homeric Hymn to Hermes tells how she was visited by Zeus and became the mother of Hermes. Tempe, the vale of Thessaly sacred to Apollo, is Spenser's introduction, as is the Acidalian brook (usually associated with Aphrodite).
- MAJESTY**, 3042: *Maiestas*, in Ovid, is the daughter of Honour and Reverence; the association here with Jove and Night seems to be original with Spenser
- MAKE**, a mate, consort: 2113, 2218, 2582, 2798
- MAKE**, to compose verses: 265, 1974 (cf. the derivation of the word 'poet' from the Gk. *ποιεῖν*, to make)
- MANTLE**, a hawking term: to exercise the wings by stretching them out: 2609
- MANTLED**, covered (with flowers): 1167
- MANY**, company: 430, 3005
- MARK**, regard: 614, 2671
- MASK**, to conceal or disguise oneself, as behind a mask: 1058
- MASKEN**, to take part in a masque: 409, 1963
- MASQUE**, the form of courtly spectacle in which masked performers acted and danced, or came in procession, disguised, with gifts to their host; here possibly a pageant or procession: 2737
- MAST**, acorns, etc. as swine-food: 109
- MAUGRE**, despite: 1202
- MAVIS**, the song-thrush: 2792
- MAY**, a maiden: 1078
- MAZED**, bewildered: 2180
- MAZEFUL**, bewildering, striking with astonishment or fear: 2901
- MAZER**, 750, 858: a maple-wood drinking-bowl, conventionally offered as a prize in pastoral singing-matches; inside (so, here, 'wherein') was a medallion, or 'print', on which would be en-chased, or engraved, a scene such as that described here. They were common in medieval England.
- MEAD**, meadow: 2762, 3158, 3228
- MEANLY**, moderately: 1568
- MEDICINED**, cured: 1857
- MEDLE**, mix, mingle: 314, 670, 868
- MEDUSA**, 2901: in Gk. myth, one of the three hideous female monsters, the Gorgons; all who looked on her were turned to stone. She was slain by Perseus.
- MEED**, requital: 1602
- MEINT**, mixed, mingled: 1242, 1258
- MELPOMENE**, the Muse of tragedy: 1092
- MERRY**, delightful, charming: 3271
- MERRYMAKE**, merry-making: 422, 1048
- MEW**, a den or retreat: 2664
- MILLERS**, a kind of dance: 971
- MISCHIEVOUS**, injurious: 2054
- MISCOUNSELLED**, ill-advised: 1399
- MISCREANCE**, false religious belief: 498
- MISGOVERNANCE**, mismanagement: 497; misbehaviour: 1043
- MISINTENDED**, aimed in malice: 2261
- MISLIKE**, disapprove: 569
- MISLIVE**, live a bad life: 494
- MISWEEN**, think wrongly: 2036
- MISWEND**, go astray: 740, 1399
- MIZZLE**, to drizzle: 1247

MO, more: 1116, 1284, 1786; OTHER
 MO, many others: 475
 MOCHELL, much: 109, 747
 MOCK, a derisive gesture: 844
 MOLY, 2313: a herb, apparently a
 kind of wild onion, with (in the
 Odyssey and elsewhere) magic
 properties, and having a black root
 MOTE, may, might, must, could:
 994, 2254, etc. (cf. MOUGHT)
 MOTIONED, proposed: 1396
 MOUGHT, must, might, may: 213,
 481, etc.
 MULLA, 2767: the Awbeg River, of
 Cork, Eire. This seems to be
 Spenser's own name, the river
 being the 'beautiful daughter' of
 the chain of mountains known as
 'Old Mole'; in *Colin Clout* Spenser
 relates the story of the love of the
 Mulla for the river Bregog.
 MUSICALL, music: 435
 MYSTERY, craft, trade: 1492
 NAS, has not: 468
 NE, nor, neither, not: 21, 324, 513,
 etc.
 NEATHERD, one who looks after
 cattle: Aug. arg.
 NEWEL, a new thing: 683
 NIGHTINGALE, 907: see PHILOMEL
 NILL, will not: 538, 558
 NIOBE, 833: wife of Amphion, King
 of Thebes, in Gk. legend, to whom
 she bore seven sons and seven
 daughters; she rashly disparaged
 Leto, or Latona (q.v.) for having
 only two children. Thereupon
 Latona commanded her children
 to slay all Niobe's sons and daugh-
 ters. Niobe mourned for nine days
 and nights, after which Zeus, tak-
 ing pity on her, turned her into a
 stone statue.
 NIS, is not: 551, 762, 1048, etc.
 NOULD, would not: 192, 199, 704, 709

NOVELS, news: 95
 NOYOUS, noxious, troublesome: 2689
 NUMBERS, verses: 1027
 NYE, to draw near: 723
 OBEISANCE, obedience: 527
 OF, amongst: 1824
 OR . . . OR, either . . . or: 994, 1356;
 OR is also used to introduce suc-
 cessive questions, as at 727 and
 740
 ORDINANCE, arrangement: 1444
 ORPHEUS, 2421: in Gk. mythology
 a Thracian poet and musician, son
 of the Muse Calliope; his music
 had power to charm wild beasts,
 and to move rocks and trees. The
 reference here is to the voyage of
 the Argonauts, of whom Orpheus
 was one, in search of the Golden
 Fleece, and to Orpheus' achieve-
 ments as a peacemaker among
 them. See also PLUTO.
 OUTWENT, surpassed: 262; passed
 through: 2495
 OUZEL, the blackbird: 2793
 OVERCRAWED, triumphed over: 142.
 Some texts read 'overawed'.
 OVERGIVE, give up: 1520
 OVERGONE, excelled: 851
 OVERLOOK, look after, take care of:
 1550
 PAIN, trouble: 1507, 1558
 PAINED (refl.), taken trouble: 857
 PAINFUL, laborious, painstaking:
 2348
 PAINTED, coloured, deceptive, spe-
 cious: 160
 PALINODE, 408, etc.: literally mean-
 ing 'a recantation', Palinode here
 represents the worldly, Roman
 Catholic or High Church, pastor,
 with secret leanings towards
 paganism, frivolity, and supersti-

- tion, opposed to the austerity of Piers (q.v.). He may here represent Dr Andrew Perne, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, from 1554 to 1586, who was called 'old father Palinode' by Puritan pamphleteers.
- PARAVANT, above all, pre-eminent: 1921
- PARGET, ornamental work in plaster: 1636
- PARNASSE, 287: a Greek mountain, sacred to Apollo and the Muses (here the 'virgins')
- PASSPORT, a licence which had to be carried by all vagrants: 1457
- PAUNCE, pansy: 388
- PAWN, offer as a pledge: 761
- PEASE, a pea, hence a trifle: cf. 'not worth a bean': 988
- PEER, noble: 2418
- PEIZE, to press downwards: 1829
- PENELOPE, 2292: in Gk. legend, Queen of Ithaca and wife of Ulysses (Odysseus). While he was away for the ten years of the Odyssey she put off her many suitors by saying she could not decide until she had finished weaving the shroud of Laertes, Ulysses' father; each night she secretly unwove her work of the day.
- PENEUS, 3222: a river of Thessaly, flowing through the vale of Tempe to the Aegean
- PENTHIA, 2129: another name for the unidentified plant *Astrophel*
- PERDIE, indeed, truly: 444, 711, 743
- PEREGAL, equal: 732
- PERK, pert, cocky: 8
- PERLING, forming pearl-like drops: 2866
- PHILOMEL, 1180: the nightingale. In Gk. legend she was ravished by Tereus, King of Thrace, who was already married to Philomela's sister Procne. All three were turned into birds—Procne into the swallow, Tereus into the hoopoe. The legend is alluded to again at 907.
- PHOEBE, 311, 2860: the moon-goddess. Cf. CYNTHIA
- PHOEBUS, 319, 807, etc.: Apollo, the Greek sun-god; he was also the god of music and poetry, and attended by the Muses. He was father of Orpheus, but not of any Muse, as stated at 2832.
- PIECED PINIONS, patched or imperfect wings—hence, imperfect skill: 1006
- PIERS, 442, 920, etc.: the name may not represent the same person in both eclogues, but probably derives from Langland's (c. 1360-1400) *Piers Plowman*, as personifying invective against corruption in the church. It may refer particularly to Dr John Piers, Bishop of Salisbury, who was notably opposed to popery.
- PIGHT, set, fixed: 106
- PINCH, bite: 1678
- PINDUS, 3184: a Greek mountain range, rising to 8650 feet—used as a stock poetic example of a very high mountain
- PLAIN, bewail: 1323
- PLEASANCE, enjoyment, complacency: 223, 930, 942; pleasing behaviour, pleasantness: 414, 1133, 1143, 1243, 2709, 2801
- PLIGHT, state, condition: 295, 744, 816, etc.
- PLIGHT, pledge, pledged: 749, 3103
- PLUTO, 948: the god of the underworld. The 'shepherd' here is Orpheus, who, after his wife Eurydice was killed by a snake, sought her in Hades. His music so charmed Pluto that he allowed her

- release on the one condition, that Orpheus should not look back on the journey. He turned round on reaching the sunlight, though, and thus lost her for ever. The legend is referred to again at 2727. The 'hellish hound' is the dog Cerberus, guardian of Hades.
- POINT, appoint: 2489
- PORCISCES, porpoises: 1774
- PORTLY, dignified, stately: 2153, 2859
- POST, hasten: 770
- POUKE, Puck, originally a mischievous and evil goblin, later simply playful: 3052
- POUSSE, (field of) peas: 770
- PREACE, practice, exercise: 989
- PRICE, reward: 935
- PRICK, urge, incite: 942, 2021
- PRIEF, proof: 840, 843
- PRIME, springtime: 16, 167, 1982, 2584
- PRIMROSE, best and worthiest ('the chief rose'): 166
- PRINCIPAL, chief in importance: 372 (here punning with 'princess')
- PRISE, enterprise: 1022
- PRIVILY, secretly: 659, 3090
- PRIVY, intimate with, sharing knowledge of: 877; 'make privy' = make familiar with: 1341
- PROTEUS, 1778: in Gk. legend, the 'old man of the sea', who had the power to assume different shapes at will
- PROTRACT, length, duration: 2687
- PROVE, try, or endure: 264
- PURCHASE, get, win: 405, 765
- QUAIL, fade, wither: 1130
- QUAINT, strange (or, possibly, finely attired): 1033; see BELLONA
- QUEME, please, fit: 422
- QUILL, a pipe such as that made out of a reed: 1074
- QUITTEN, save, release: 213
- RAFT, deprived: 738, 764 (cf. REAVE, REFT)
- RAGGED, rough, shaggy: 5
- RANCOROUS, sharp, bitter: 185
- RANK, violent: 1
- RATHER, earlier (in birth): 83
- RAUGHT, reached: 1663
- RAUNCH, snatch, pluck: 821
- RAYONS, rays: 1634
- READ, perceived: 1804, 2900
- REASON, sense: 584
- REAVE, take away: 1295
- RECORD, sing: 276
- RECURE, remedy, heal: 154, 1926
- REDE, advise, tell, expound: 137, 739, 1385, 1460, 1905
- REDOUND, flow, drop: 2266
- REFT, took away (from REAVE): 1593
- REGIMENT, domain: 1758
- REHEARSE, relate: 866, 917, 2151
- RELIVE, bring back to life: 1063
- RELIVEN, come back to life: 1128
- REMORSE, mitigation: 1170
- REPAIR, resort, betake oneself: 119
- REQUIRE, ask: Nov. arg., 1596
- RESOUND, to echo: 876; to sound or spread praises: 2725
- REVERT, return: 1230
- REYNOLD, 1385: Reynard, the proper name for a fox, from the medieval satirical 'beast-epics'
- RINE, bark: 111
- RIVED, tore, pierced: 2055
- ROLL, wallow: 995
- RONT, young bullock: 5
- ROSALIND, 273, 865, 1888, etc.: Rosalind is referred to several times, in the *Shepherds' Calendar*, *Colin Clout*, letters between Spenser and Gabriel Harvey, and other places. There have been numerous attempts to discover her real name, assuming that she really

- existed and is not merely conventional and ideal; but in any case her identity hardly matters.
- ROUND, sonorous: 1082
- ROUNDELAY, 780: properly a song with a refrain; here, 'a deliberately rough chanting verse to suit the shepherd's impromptu rhyming. The norm is a verse of eight syllables followed by replies of five and seven alternately' (Renwick).
- ROUT, company, flock: 945
- ROV'D, aimed casually, as in archery: 803
- RUDDIED, made red: 2884
- RUDDOCK, the redbreast: 2793
- RUDENESS, uncourtly or country ways: 378
- RUINATE, ruin: 2481
- RUSH-RINGS, rings of plaited rushes: 1155
- RUTHFUL, sorrowful, pitiful: 874
- RUTTY, full of ruts (or possibly roots): 3156
- SAD, sedate, grave: 2945
- SAM, together: 575
- SAVE, overcome, obviate: 1465
- SAW, decree: 1864
- SAY, a woollen stuff like serge: 791
- SCAN, scale, climb: 1007
- SCATH, harm, injury: 2342
- SCOPE, a mark aimed at in shooting: 1194
- SDEIGN, disdain: 2157
- SEA-BEAT, lashed by the sea: 34
- SEASON, 'in season' = at an appropriate time: 1396
- SEELY, simple, innocent: 798
- SEEM, to be befitting, to become: 565, 1306, 2862
- SEEMLY, handsome, decent: 1945
- SENSELESS, insensible: 2330
- SERE, withered, dry: 114, 170, 1186
- SHEDDETH, disperses: 954
- SHEND, surpass, put to shame: 3265
- SHENE, beautiful, fair: 1077, 2247
- SHEW, 3185: rhymes with 'hue'
- SHOAL, troop, band: 427
- SHRIEVE, to confess, give confession: 779
- SHROUD, hide, shelter, cover: 122, 278, 811, 1604
- SIB, kindred, related: 676
- SICKER, certainly, surely: 55, 404, 426, etc.
- SIGNED, imprinted: 2646
- SIKE, such: 211, 489, 502, etc.
- SIRIAN DOG, 1276: Sirius, the Dog Star. Indication of the season by astrological references was common (see also CRAB and FISHES). Here the 'righteous maid' is Astraea, or the constellation Virgo, into which the sun moves in August. In late July the Sun had been in the constellation Leo ('the chafed Lion'). Sirius is close to the sun in July and August, and the sickness of the 'dog days' was ascribed to its influence.
- SIR JOHN, 716: a common name, usually derisory, for a priest, particularly Roman Catholic
- SITH, since: 1404, 1626, etc.
- SITS (impers.), befits, is becoming: 484, 1065
- SKILL, reasoning: 51
- SLEDGE, a large heavy hammer: 2350
- SLIPPED THE COLLAR (fig.), drawn back: 1540
- SLIPPER, slippery, unstable: 1192
- SMIRK, trim, spruce: 72
- SNEB, snub, chide: 126
- SO, as long as: 456
- SOFT, soften: 2353
- SOLEIN, sad: 620, 1056
- SOMEDELE, somewhat: 463
- SOMEWHAT, something: 1044
- SOMEWHILE, sometimes: 533

SOOTE, sweetly: 357, 1009; 'soote as swan' refers to the legend of the swan's singing before death
SOPS IN WINE, the clove-pink: 384, 421

SORT, a company: 2074

SORT, 'in sort as' = just as: 2151;
'in equal sort' = in the same way: 2220

SOURCE, a spring: 1165

SOUTHERN SHEPHERD, 267: probably John Young, Bishop of Rochester and formerly Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, whose secretary Spenser ('Colin') became in 1578

SOVENANCE, care, remembrance: 489, 1044

SPARED, saved: 491, 928

SPARELY, frugally, austerely: 448

SPERRE, bolt, fasten: 631, 641

SPILL, spoil, waste: 52; waste oneself with lovesickness: 784; destroy: 1958, 2302, 2400, 2435

SPIKE, harm: 180; to grudge: 605

SPRITE, spirit, soul: 2148, 2195, 2514, 2681, 2897

SQUINT EYE, partial judgement (whether deliberate or otherwise): 853

STARK, quite: 686

START, gone away: 271

STARVED, dead, or in extreme want (from cold): 83

STATE, 'of state' = 'taller trees, fit for timber wood': 146

STAY, wait until: 192; place, fix: 1627

STAY, restraint: 2961

STEAD, service, situation: 450

STILL, always, constantly: 1334, 1598, etc.

STINT, stop, restrain: 2425

STOCK, trunk: 128, 993; block, stump: 2411

STOOP-GALLANT, 90: 'that which

humbles gallants'; applied in the 16th century to the sweating-sickness, also, sometimes, to a low door; here used generally in the sense of 'all-humbling'

STORE, abundance: 795, 1100

STOUND, blow, stroke: 968, 1858, 2058

STOUND, sorrow: 664

STOUND, time, moment: 1297

STOUR, assault, tumult: 563

STRAIN, constrain, force: 931; press: 1512

STRAIN, sing, put into verse: 1091

STRAIT, close, rigorous: 506, 2592

STUD, a shrub or short branch: 1267

SUFFERANCE, toleration: 187; FEE IN SUFFERANCE, 513: see FEE

SUING, following: 2074

SURCEASE, cease: 371

SURQUEDRY, pride, arrogance: 49

SURVIEW, survey: 145

SWINK (sb. and v.), toil, labour: 443, 1193, 1434

SYRINX, 296, 339: here Anne Boleyn, mother of Elizabeth I. Pan, at 297, is Henry VIII. In Gk. mythology Syrinx was pursued by the lustful Pan, and gained refuge by turning into a reed—whereupon Pan plucked several reeds and made of them pan-pipes.

TABRERE, a player on the tabor—a small drum usually played together with a pipe: 429

TAKING, plight: 402

TAWDRY LACE, 381: a silk necktie, etc. (here, waist-belt), such as was sold at the fair of St. Audrey on 17 Oct.

TEAD, torch: 2738

TEEN, sorrow: 1080

TEETH ON EDGE, envious: 442

TEMPE, 3019, 3223: see MAIA

TEMPLAR KNIGHTS, 3279: the

- Knights Templar were founded in 1119 for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and were suppressed under Edward II in 1307-14. Their headquarters in London later became, and still is, a habitation for lawyers—the Inner and Middle Temple being two of the Inns of Court.
- THAT = that which: 22
- THEWED, mannered, instructed in moral teachings: 96
- THILK, this, that, those: 400, 408, 413, etc.
- THO, then, thereupon: 39, 160, 218, etc.
- THRILLING, quivering: 615
- THROUGHLY, thoroughly, deeply: 107
- THUNDER-DART, a thunder-bolt; the reference here is to Vulcan, or Hephaestos, the god of fire and metal-working: 1652
- TIDE, time: 1036, 3321
- TINCT, tinged, stained: 1146
- TIRYNTHIAN GROOM, 3040: Hercules, born at Tiryns. See *ALCMENA*
- TITHONES, 2786: a stock poetic reference to dawn. Tithonus, in Gk. legend, was a mortal who was carried off by Eos, the goddess of the dawn. She procured immortality for him, but neglected to ask for eternal youth.
- TITMOUSE, the tomtit, a small bird: 1065
- TITYRUS, 92, 974: originally the name given by the later pastoral poets to Virgil—here (Oct.) the 'Romish Tityrus', where the following lines, 976f, refer to Virgil's works: the *Eclogues*, the *Georgics* ('laboured lands . . .') and the *Aeneid* ('wars and deadly drede'). Spenser, however, applies the name to Chaucer in Feb., though the fable is not characteristically Chaucerian; but it is an acknowledgement of Spenser's many debts to Chaucer in the *Calendar*.
- TOIL, net, snare: 2032, 2041
- TOM PIPER, 997: the piper accompanying Morris dancers—here, as 'E.K.' says, 'an ironical sarcasmus'
- TOO, very: 136
- TOO VERY, exceedingly: 582
- TOP, 57; see *LOP*
- TOTTIE, dazed, unsteady: 55
- TOWER, to stand on high: 2779
- TRACE, follow step by step: 348
- TRACT, course, extent (of time): 524, 2265
- TRADEFUL, busy in traffic: 2236
- TRAIN, snare, artifice: 607, 2032, 2225
- TRAIN, tail: 688
- TRAINED, instructed, made to grow in the desired manner: 948
- TRAVAILS, toil, labours: 1581
- TRESSED, wreathed and curled: 258
- TRIMLY, neatly: 275
- TRITON, 1770: in Gk. myth, a merman, one of the sons of Poseidon; here possibly representing Lord Howard of Effingham, the Lord High Admiral. The line is echoed by Wordsworth in his sonnet 'The world is too much with us'.
- TRIUMPH, 2954: originally, 'the entrance of a victorious commander with his army and spoils in solemn procession into Rome'
- TRUSS, bundle: 646
- TRUSTILY, with confidence: 1326
- TWINE, coil, band: 754, 1030
- TWINS OF JOVE, 3317: Castor and Pollux, the Gemini (the third sign of the Zodiac), sons of Jove by Leda (q.v.)
- UNCHEERFUL, cheerless, dismal: 2732

- UNCRUDDLED, not curdled: 2886
 UNDERFONG, undertake: 1061
 UNDER-SONG, burden or refrain of a song: 852, 3254
 UNHAPPY, mischievous, full of trickery: 1320, Feb. arg.
 UNKIND, unnatural, unnaturally wicked: 1323
 UNLADE, unload: 1813
 UNLUSTINESS, feebleness: Feb. arg.
 UNPLAINED, unlamented: 2071
 UNREAVE, unravel: 2295
 UNTHOUGHT, neglected: 3089
 UNTIL, unto: 1224
 UNVALUED, inestimable, priceless: 2633
 UNWONT, unaccustomed: 32
 UPRIGHTLY, honestly: 854
 USAGE, behaviour, conduct: 1955
 USE, be accustomed: 1764, 2769, 2779

 VAINESSE, vanity: 1639
 VARIABLE, various: 3157
 VEIN, manner, character, mood, ability: 942, 1089
 VELLET, velvet: 592
 VENTETH, snuffs or sniffs at: 75
 VERMEIL, bright red, vermilion: 2938, 3177
 VERY, quite, truly: 55
 VICTORY, a statue, usually winged, of the Gk. victory-goddess Nike —e.g. the Victory of Samothrace, in the Louvre: 1646
 VIRELAY, 1060: a light song, French in origin: properly in two-rhymed stanzas of short lines, linked by recurrent rhymes
 VOID, depart: 888
 VOIDNESS, emptiness: 1830

 WAILFUL, mournful: 82, 608, 886
 WAN, sickly, feeble: 78; sorrowful: 1004
 WANTON, capricious, playful, pleas-
 ant: 270, 634, 1118; unruly (and perhaps, here, lascivious): 449
 WARK, work: 552, 1103, 1643
 WARRE, a knob or protuberance on a tree: 750
 WARREYED, assailed: 2424
 WASTE, sb., decay: 1103
 WASTE, adj., useless: 133; empty: 892, 2028
 WASTED, finished: 1240
 WASTEFUL, unfrequented, desolate: 875
 WEEN, suppose, think: 76, 549, 714, etc.
 WEET, know, perceive: 1222, 1907
 WEETINGLY, knowingly: 1957
 WEIGH, consider: 1383
 WELD, wield, bear: 613
 WELKED, shortened, caused to decline: 1052
 WELLAWAY, alas: 743
 WELL-THEWED, see THEWED
 WEXEN, grow, become: 820, 961, 1370, 1831
 WHAT, why: 470
 WHEREAS, where: 377, 2077, 2759, 2776, 3276
 WHILOM, formerly, once: 108, 269, 732, etc.
 WIGHT, person, creature: 293, 1104, 1333, etc.
 WIT, sense: 588
 WITLESS, blameless: 860
 WITEN, blame: 566, 860, 1896
 WONNED, were wont: 119
 WONT, was, are, accustomed: 7, 733, 779, etc.
 WOOD, mad: 799, 1174
 WORTHY, 966: see BEAR
 WOT, WOTE, know: 85, 1089, 1243, etc. (cf. WEET)
 WOUNDLESS, not wounded, undamaged: 960
 WOX, grew, became: 1953 (cf. WEXEN)
 WRACK, violence: 10

WREATHED, twisted: 1770
 WRIGLE, wriggling: 7
 WRY, awry, twisted: 28
 WULL, will, desire: 2963

YATE, gate: 631
 YELENT, blinded: 401
 YEORE, born: 1819
 YCONNED, learned: 669
 YDRAD, afraid: 2022
 YEVEN, given: 360
 YFERE, together: 314
 YGO, gone: 474, 1115; ago: 1120
 YLIKE, alike: 1413; ylike as = like:
 411, 483

YLK, the same: 866
 YODE, went: 429, 585, 640
 YOUTHESFOLK, young people: 416
 YOUNGLING, young creature: 507,
 589, 618, 740
 YOUNGTH, youth: 52, 1059
 YOUNKER, young person: 424
 YSHEND, spoil, put to shame: 863
 YSHROUDED, hidden: 1688
 YWIS, certainly: 516
 YWROKEN, revenged: 1901 (for the
 reference here, see HELEN)
 ZEPHYRUS, 3146: the god of the
 west wind, hence a gentle breeze



